JOHN BULL, OCTOBER 20, 1923. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIV. No. 897. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1923. TWOPENCE.

Monopole RUSSIAN 'BLEND' Cigarettes

possess the delicate flavour and sweet fragrance that make Russian Cigarettes unique.

10 for 6d. 20 for 1/-

THE LARGEST NET SALES OF ANY 2d. WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

Last Week! FOR OUR BIGGEST PRIZE

OVER £3,500 OFFERED

There's Health in this bottle

HANDY SIZE —ideal for travellers, office use, or week-end bag 1/9

HOUSEHOLD SIZE — is the most suitable for regular family use 3/-

FROM the day you start with ENO you'll notice the benefit—in added vitality, energy, power of concentration, joy-of-living.

Possessing the more valuable properties of ripe, fresh fruit, it lends gentle yet effective aid to the digestive and eliminative processes—freshening, purifying, invigorating, *in Nature's own way*. ENO is deliciously natural-tasting, is free from bitter mineral salts, and has no harmful, "lowering" effects.

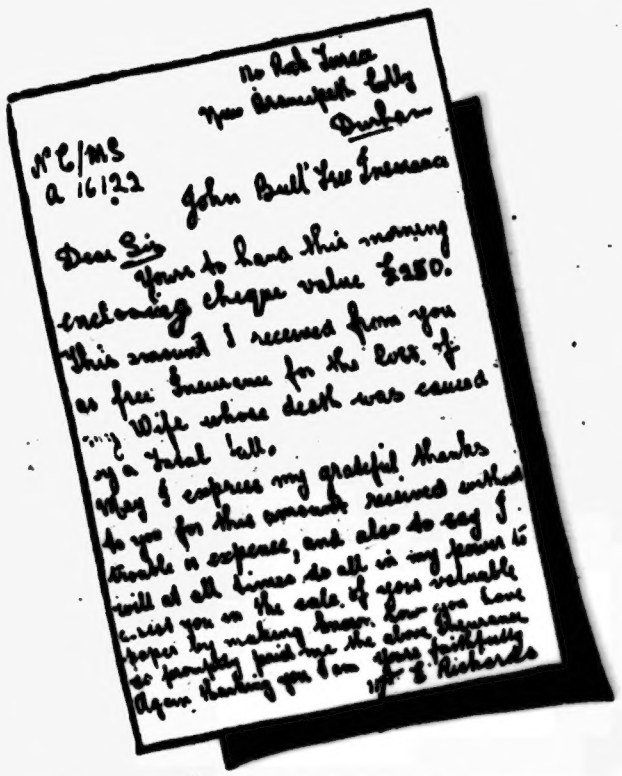
Get ENO to-day. The Handy Size costs only 1/9

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

THE WORDS "FRUIT SALT" AND ENO ARE THE REGISTERED TRADE MARKS OF J. C. ENO LTD., LONDON S.E.14.

"Promptly Paid

without trouble or expense."


No Pack Terrace
New Bramshott Lilly
Dunbar
M C/MS
A 16122
John Bull Fire Insurance
Dear Sir
Yours to hand this morning
enclosing cheque value £250.
This amount I received from you
as free Insurance for the Late Mr
Wife whose death was caused
by a fatal fall.
Kindly I express my grateful thanks
to you for this amount received without
trouble or expense, and also to say I
will at all times do all in my power to
assist you on the sale of your valuable
paper by making known how you have
so promptly paid me the above Insurance.
Again thanking you I am yours faithfully
J. Richards

THE letter we reproduce here is typical of the hundreds we receive from those readers who have benefited under JOHN BULL'S Great Free Insurance Gift. The reason for these letters is not far to seek. It comes as a relief to our readers to find that they can look to JOHN BULL for kindly and sympathetic consideration. They appreciate the opportunity to put their case before JOHN BULL personally, and not before an Insurance Company with the inevitable quibbling and irksome delays.

JOHN BULL'S Gift with its greatly increased benefits, offers greater protection than ever before. You owe it to yourself and to those nearest and dearest to you to sign the forms now if you have not already done so.

Hundreds more benefit this week. Owing to lack of space we are unable to publish the usual list of names.

The New Benefits.

If you have not already done so, cut out and pin this list of New and Increased Benefits to your Registration Certificate.

FIRE

£400—against loss by fire to the reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£1000—in case of death of husband and wife directly due to fire at registered reader's home.

£500—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.

£250 or £125 in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£2 PER WEEK maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 20 weeks).

ACCIDENTS IN HOME AND GARDEN

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader:—

£250—loss of life.

£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye.

£125—loss of one limb or one eye.

£3 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS

£300—loss caused by storm, tempest or flood to the registered reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£300—loss caused by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.

£100—loss by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.

£100—loss by bursting of hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.

£300—loss caused by aeroplanes, airships, or other aerial craft.

£300—loss by damage by riots or civil commotion.

£1000—in case of death of husband and wife (permanently residing together) by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers entering for the purpose of robbery.

£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.

£500 or £250 in respect of each, for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£10—Medical Fees for injuries by violence caused by burglars, housebreakers or fire.

£6 PER WEEK for both or £3 per week for either up to 4 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers or fire.

SICKNESS BENEFITS

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader:—

£5 5s.—for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax, and Tetanus (or Lockjaw). These benefits are only applicable to readers between the ages of 16 and 65, who have been registered for twenty-one days prior to the illness manifesting itself.

SPORTS

£250—in case of death if the registered reader be killed accidentally while playing—

Football. Tennis.
Cricket. Hockey.
Golf. Lacrosse.

as an amateur on a recognised playing ground.

£3 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

BOATING AND BATHING

£250—if the reader be accidentally drowned while as a pastime boating on or bathing in the sea at any seaside resort, or in any river or public swimming bath, providing that the reader be not a professional swimmer or boatman, and that in case of boating, the boat be not a passenger steamer.

184 Benefits paid this week—Total now 9355

CUT HERE

J.B. 20.10.23

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature .....

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

Date ....

Use 1d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate verifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope (quarter-inch stamp).

CUT HERE

J.B. 20.10.23.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date ....

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 498.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. E. LEWIS, 93, Leopold Buildings, Columbia Road, London, E.2.

Example:—DIFFERENT GIRL.
Bullet:—"DOING STEPS" AT HOME.
(Sent in on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. G. H. WOODHOUSE, 2, Alma Rd., London, S.W.

Example:—FRIENDLY TALK
Bullet:—BUT FRANCE "STOPS THERE."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mrs. F. HUNSTILL, 22, Crosthwaite Village, Douglas, Isle of Man.

Example:—WHAT WIFE EXPECTS
Bullet:—FROM ALLOTMENT—FRUITERER'S SHOP.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

J. JACKSON, Vale Cottage, Gun Hill, Dedham, Colchester:
DEBT OF HONOUR—BRITAIN PAYS "IN SILENCE."

R. HEWITT, Warriston, Woodman Road, Warley, Essex:
HOW TO SAVE—WATCH YOUR "WHAT'S YOURS?"

F. T. MANLEY, 144, Hampstead Way, Golders Green, London, N.W.:
POLITE REFUSAL—LOAN, TILL EUROPE SENSIBLE.

Miss E. W. HARRISON, "Armagh," The Common, Southwold, Suffolk:
HOW TO SAVE—PENNY—PROBLEM AGEING MILLIONAIRE.

F. HUTCHISON, 53, Argyle Crescent, Portobello, N.B.:
HOW TO SAVE—ASK ANTI-GAMBLING TEETOTAL NON-SMOKER.

Mrs. RUSHBROOK, 4, Hand Cottages, Trimley Street, Martin, Suffolk:
PUTTING IT BLUNTLY—FRENCH LOAN ISN'T GIFT.

F. SADLER, 39, Coronation Road, Hartshill, Stoke-on-Trent:
WHAT WIFE EXPECTS—HUBBY'S SALARY "COMES UNDER."

T. G. TARGETT, 42, Harvey Street, Folkestone:
WHAT BALDWIN'S DOING—"WINDOW DRESSING," BLINDS DOWN.

Miss F. BERRY, 5, Albert Road, Bexhill-on-Sea:
THE WRONG REMEDY—FOR RUHR'S PARALYSIS—AMPUTATION.

G. E. WEBSTER, Boythorpe Crescent, Chesterfield.:
PUTTING IT BLUNTLY—AMERICA—BUT RETALIATION'S INSULT.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

F. RICHARDS, Sticklepath, Okehampton:
BIGGER MAN—FROM SHOULDERS UP, WISE.

F. WALLER, 52, Poplar Road, Evington:
WE DON'T MIND—WORK—WHEN BOSS DOESN'T.

H. HILL, 68, Manor House Lane, Preston, Lancs.:
HOW IT WORKS—MEDIUM TESTS BEFORE SEANCE.

H. G. FRANCIS, Aley Green, Luton, Beds:
PUTTING IT BLUNTLY—DIDN'T PASS CENSOR ONCE.

Miss G. COMPTON, Edens Hill, Upleadon, Newent, Gloucester:
TOO BIG—ITALY, SO GREECE APOLOGISED.

J. JOHNSTON, 17, St. Marnock Street, Kilmarnock:
LOOKING BAD—FOR CRANKS—MODERATES ORGANISING.

S. ORGEE, 309, London Road, Hazelgrove, Cheshire:
HOW TO SAVE—ENGLAND, EUROPE ISN'T BOTHERING.

Miss R. BELLWOOD, 3, The Lodge, "Oaklands," Dalton, Huddersfield:
ANOTHER REVOLUTION—AND HAT REACHES PUDDLE.

A. L. ALLBROOK, 40, Anerley Road, Westcliff-on-Sea:
TENDER SUBJECT—CONDUCTOR'S WIFE MENTIONS "JUMPER."

A. HOWARD, 52, Fitzroy Street, Cambridge:
CUTTING IT FINE—SELDOM WITH UNINSURED CAR.
(Sent in on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

100 Prize-winners of £1:

R. G. Aldridge, 7, Church Cotts., Hurstpierpoint; W. Ayers, 162, St. Leonard's Rd., Windsor; A. F. Bangs, 2, Inverness Rd., Lewes Rd., Brighton; J. E. Barber, 29, Ripon Gdns., Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne; T. Beckett, 39, Turnhall Rd., Longsight, Manchester; S. A. Blackwell, Bwlch, Brecon, S. Wales; J. G. Boothman, 77, Hamilton St., Motherwell, N.B.; W. H. Boyle, Pradley, near Lichfield; Miss F. Bradford, 99, Wanderers Av., Wolverhampton; O. Bradshaw, 13, Wilton Rd., Bexhill-on-Sea; W. Brookfield, c.o. Lindow House, Queen St., Lancaster; E. Calvert, 9, Rusk Street, Hackney Rd., E.; C. Campbell, 4, Grove Rd., Ore, Hastings; Miss B. E. Coles, "Rosemont," Aiphington, Exeter; Mrs. J. Crease, c.o. Ponton, 4a, Devonshire Rd., Holloway, N.; E. Cregan, Helik Moon Inn, Scaleby, Carlisle; A. J. Curtis, 11, Kent Rd., Lowestoft; A. Dalton, 11, Arthur St., Lincoln; E. A. Davies, 62, Arthur Rd., Southampton; H. Dent, 94, Carr Rd., Walkley, Sheffield; J. H. Doyle, 250, Barkerend Rd., Bradford; Mrs. H. Duncan, Freelands Pl. Old Kilpatrick, N.B.; E. A. Ellis, Montcalm Shoreham-by-Sea; F. E. Flude, 40, Adderley Rd. Leicester; R. Foord, Lynwood, New Malden, Surrey; A. W. Foreman, 6, William Rd., Sutton, Surrey; D. Forsyth, Main St., Townhill, Dunfermline, N.B.; A. N. Gard, 6, Pant Pl., Ruthin, N. Wales; F. George, c.o. Hutchinson, 250, High St., Chatham; Mrs. G. Germaine, 1, Torwood Gdns., Torquay; A. G. Gibson, 20, Halford Rd., Fulham, S.W.; Miss P. Gold, 107, Loughborough Rd., Kirkcaldy; A. Green, 84, Bakewell St., Coalville, Leicester; G. H. Grey, 16, Meadway Court, N.W.; W. Griffiths, 108, Pocket Nook St., St. Helens, Lancs.; F. H. Hale, 7, Manchuria Rd., Battersea, S.W.; W. Hargreaves, 84, Parade, Birmingham; Mrs. H. Harper, 32, Westwood Rd. Colwick Rd., Nottingham; J. Heslop, 81, Greengate St., Barrow; E. Hitchen, 32, Sharpless St., Heaton Norris, Stockport; S. G. Hobbs, 111, Gordon Rd., Gillingham; Mrs. C. Hodgson, The Mead, Lacock, Chippenham; Miss E. Hollings, Hillcrest, Woodcock St., Sandal, Wakefield; E. Horton, Bath House, Mablethorpe

(Continued on page 34.)

Triple-Proofed Gabardine Trench Coat

(The famous Officer's Coat).

A COMBINED WINTER OVERCOAT AND RAINCOAT.

GREAT SUCCESS HAS ATTENDED OUR OFFER OF THESE COATS, AND ORDERS ARE POURING IN FROM "JOHN BULL" READERS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

CURZON'S were the first to introduce this Coat at a popular price. When costs of materials were high two years ago, we were selling this Coat at 70/- when others were asking 90/- to 120/-.

For this Season we have been fortunate in arranging for large supplies of the materials, enabling us to offer this famous Coat complete for **£2** Carriage paid by Parcel Post to your door.

It is important to remember that the quality of the garment is exactly the same as when the Coat was sold at the higher price.

It is equally important to remember that the price of the Curzon Coat includes the Detachable Wool Lining, for which some other firms ask 10/- to 20/- extra.

This is a coat for a lifetime, being absolutely stormproof and weatherproof, and affording complete protection against the most inclement weather. Its unique features are:—

1. It is lined with smart check plaid.
2. It is rubber interlined.
3. It has a detachable wool lining (for cold weather use) which can be fixed or removed in a minute.
4. All materials used in the production of this coat are guaranteed fast dyes and unshrinkable.

This lining can be removed without in any way affecting the smart appearance of the coat, and in this way can be worn in warm or mild weather. There are buttons sewn on inside the coat and buttonholes on the wool lining which enables it to be securely fastened on in a minute and thus makes the coat during cold weather equal to a winter overcoat as well as a Raincoat. The only coat on the market that answers the purpose of two or more coats. Post free on receipt of £2, under our guarantee to refund your money should the coat fail to give satisfaction. These coats can also be supplied in Navy Blue, guaranteed fast dye, at 45/- carriage paid.

When ordering give your height and chest measurement (taken over waistcoat).

Orders by post to be sent to

CURZON BROS., Ltd.

New Head Depot: *The World's Measure Tailors,*

36 & 37, New Bridge St., Ludgate Circus, London, E.C.4

THESE COATS CAN BE OBTAINED AT OUR HEAD DEPOT AS ABOVE AND BRANCHES AS FOLLOWS:—

WEST END: 107, Strand, W.C.; 158, Strand, W.C.; 431, Strand, W.C.; 112, New Oxford Street, W.C.; 28 & 29, Chancery Lane, W.C.; 58, Southampton Row, W.C.; 13, Old Compton Street, W.
CITY: 70 & 72, City Road, E.C.; 34 Liverpool Street, E.C.; 103, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.; 16, Ludgate Hill, E.C.; 16, The Arcade, Liverpool Street Station (Met.), E.C.; 78, Aldersgate Street, E.C.; 115, Fleet Street, E.C.; 272, Bishopsgate, E.C.

ALSO AT:—
DEPTFORD, WOOLWICH, FOREST GATE, SHOREDITCH, EUSTON, POPLAR, FINCHLEY, KINGSTON, RICHMOND, TWICKENHAM, SUTTON, SOUTHEND, WESTCLIFF, WIMBLEDON and HOVE.

Don't forget that Curzon's give the best value for made-to-measure tailoring. Prices of suits or winter overcoats £2 to 5 Guineas. Patterns, measure form and fashion book sent free on request, or a personal visit to any of our branches is requested.

Fill in this Coupon or order by letter mentioning JOHN BULL.

To CURZON BROS., LTD., 36 & 37, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4.

Please send me one of your coats as advertised, carriage paid for £2 (if Navy Blue, 45/-) under your guarantee to refund money if I am not fully satisfied.

My height is.....

My chest measure (taken over waistcoat) is .....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

By George How're good!
He thought all cigarettes were alike until he realised that the Pure Virginia Tobacco, Pure Rice Paper and the Cork Tip made a World of difference You just try them!
CORK TIPPED
CRAVEN "A"
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

20 for 1/-

CRAVEN "A"

CORK-TIPPED Virginia Cigarettes

Made Specially to Prevent Sore Throats.

SIXPENCE ON EVERY SHILLING IN 10 YEARS

THIS means that in ten years your savings, invested in Savings Certificates, are worth half as much again. The following table shows what you gain.

No. of Certificates.	Purchase Price.	Value after 10 Years.
1	16/-	24/-
10	£8	£12
25	£20	£30
50	£40	£60
100	£80	£120
500	£400	£600

Savings CERTIFICATES

Savings Certificates can be obtained in single documents, representing 1, 10, 25 or 50 Certificates, at all Money Order Post Offices and most Banks.

16/- NOW — 24/- in 10 years

JOIN A SAVINGS ASSOCIATION

Increased Output Lowers the Price

Another great extension has been added to the Berkeley Factories, and the output has been increased so much that the luxurious comfort of the Berkeley Chair can now be obtained at a reduced price. Now is the time to introduce into your home the luxurious ease, rest, comfort and durability of this famous chair. *Berkeleys cannot be obtained elsewhere.*

The **Berkeley** *Regd.*

HAS THE LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

Exceptionally strong frame. Bold, broad heavily upholstered arms with an extra deep seat and double bordered front, long steel-coppered springs in the back, seat, and front edge. The seat also has an independent front edge, which adds greatly to the life of the chair.

REDUCED CASH PRICE **85/-** or 15/- with order and 5 payments of 15/- monthly

SOLD ON THE MONEY-BACK PRINCIPLE.—Soon after receipt of first payment with your order we send the Berkeley Carriage Paid in England and Wales (Scotland 5/- extra). If upon examination it is not completely satisfactory you may return it within seven days AT OUR EXPENSE and we will REFUND YOUR MONEY IN FULL.

PATTERNS Free. Write for samples of Tapestries to choose your own covering, post free, with full specification.

H. J. SEARLE & SON, LTD., *Manufacturing Upholsterers* (Dept. JB) 76-78, Old Kent Road, LONDON S.E.1.

West End Showrooms: 122 Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1, and at 61-63, London Road, Croydon.

A WINTER COAT for 9/6

Exceptionally well-cut up-to-date coat in Jacquard figured velour with three-way astrachan collar. Obtainable in Grey, Nigger and Navy. It combines comfort and elegance with remarkable value and is low priced at 55s.

Write for patterns and booklet "Chic and Serviceable Modes."

All goods sent on receipt of first payment. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. All garments made to measure.

When ordering state length, bust and sleeve length.

LEACH & HARDY, (Dept. J.B.), Brown St., Manchester.

Remarkable offer of Genuine "DE LUXE" Quality

H.M. OFFICERS TRENCH COATS, "FOUR COATS IN ONE"

Please do not confuse these with the so-called "Officers" coats, offered with perishable rubber linings, which are dear at any price.

These are superior quality, genuine officers' coats. Check lined, and GOLOSKIN interlined.

GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY WATERPROOF AND WIND PROOF FOR AT LEAST 4 YEARS.

IN FAWN OR NAVY BLUE **36/-**

State Chest measure. *Post 9d.*

All wool detachable fleece lining 10/- extra.

ORDER YOURS TO-DAY "ON APPROVAL." YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED IF YOU ARE NOT FULLY SATISFIED.

J. D. WINNER & SONS, (Dept. J.B.), 15, GOLDHAWK RD., Shepherds Bush, LONDON, W.12.

Our store is open till 8 p.m. week days, 9 p.m. Sats., early closing Thurs, 1 p.m.

SOON ARE THE MARVELLOUS EFFECTS OF

KOLA-DULTZ

The best food that Nature has ever created for the Brain & the Nerves

The State of Mind, Thinking Power, Energy and Activity, and every movement of the body, are dependent upon the Brain.

Weariness, Depression, Exhaustion, Nerve weakness, and general bodily weakness are signs of insufficient vital strength. Do you want always to feel bright, with clear head and sure memory; do you want work to be a pleasure? Then take Kola-dultz.

This is the natural nourishment for the Nerves and the Brain, which at the same time improves and rejuvenates the blood and thereby strengthens every organ of the body. Kola-dultz gives

LOVE OF LIFE AND GREATER POWER

and the feeling of youthfulness with its energy which ensures success and happiness. Take Kola-dultz for a time daily; it will strengthen your Nerves. Depression will disappear, and under its influence you will be filled with energy and strength.

Kola is recommended by medical authorities all over the world and used in hospitals.

OBTAIN KOLA-DULTZ

FREE.

Now I offer you an opportunity to strengthen your nerve power. Write me a postcard with your exact address and I will immediately send you FREE AND POST PAID a quantity of Kola-dultz large enough to do you good, and to enable you to appreciate its wonderful efficacy. If you like it you can order more. But write, now, before you forget, to

JOHN HARRIS (Dept. J.B.), 29, Old Cavendish St., London, W.1

YOU SAVE POUNDS

a year by using a "Mab"—No Barber's Bills. No expense for new blades. Just a few strokes with the "Mab" over the face every morning and the toughest beard disappears.

The ease and safety with which shaving can be done with this handy little instrument is a revelation to those who have not previously tried one. It lasts a lifetime

Finest Sheffield Steel.

PRICES: DWARF SIZE, 4/6; MEDIUM, 5/6; Send for Booklet on Shaving. Post Free.

Of all Dealers, or post free from—

MAB CO., 73C, Newhall St., Birmingham.

100 Candle Power "PIFCO" 4 Hours for 1d.

Incandescent Gas Light

With Common Paraffin.

Safe & Simple, Just use a Match.

Beats Gas or Electric.

7 Days' Trial FREE.

Complete Lamp **30/-**

Send no Money. Write for Catalogue.

PIFCO, Ltd., 94, High St., MANCHESTER

Agents Wanted. Experience Unnecessary.

FURS at WHOLESALE PRICES

The finest selection of beautiful ready-made FURS in London to choose from. Every article of GUARANTEED QUALITY however low the price paid. *Inspection cordially invited, or write for New Illustrated Catalogue.*

THE WHOLESALE FUR CO., 145, Cheapside, E.C. Showrooms: First Floor.

2/6 Weekly

In all you pay for our No. 6/6 Hand-Harrel—the latest cycle ever offered on such convenient terms. Perfectly easy terms. Efficiently fitted, finely enamelled, well in colours. Send postal for carriage paid, at once.

15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in factory soiled machines. Tyres and accessories 20 to 30% below shop prices. Write TO-DAY for lists, and catalogue.

CASH OR £5/5/- CASH

MACKIE Cycle Company (1923), Dept. B.B.211, BIRMINGHAM.

JUNOPHONE

"THE KING OF GRAMOPHONES"

MODEL "F."

PRICES FROM £3

CASH. EASY PAYMENTS FROM 7/- Monthly

Carriage Paid.

BRITISH MADE.

GUARANTEE: Our 45 years' Reputation.

Money refunded if not satisfied.

FREE SIX DOUBLE-SIDED RECORDS with each instrument

Buy direct from the makers and avoid middleman's profits.

Write for our beautiful Coloured Catalogue B1.

You are cordially invited to visit our Showrooms at

METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS CO., Ltd. 168, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2

Motor Information Coupon.

Please send me information regarding the following cars:

.....

.....

.....

Fill in the details, and these particulars will be sent you. Address Advertisement Manager, John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

The Cost of Living

READERS of JOHN BULL are well aware that the cost of living is still painfully high. Week by week we tell of profiteers, who do their best to ensure that a pound note shall only be worth about 10s. 6d.

The Government long ago promised to introduce legislation to deal with trusts and combines, but they have done nothing—as usual. So the butcher and baker, and candle-stick maker take heart again, and the game goes merrily on. The latest thing to go up is coal; and as Christmas is only a few weeks off, modest announcements are already creeping into the papers to say that dried fruits will be dearer this year.

No need to tell housewives that the great thing to-day is to insist on value for money; they know that already. But it is one thing to know it, and quite another to know where that best value is to be obtained.

We know that one place where solid value for money can be obtained is in the advertisement columns of JOHN BULL. We want you to know it too, and we want you to study our advertisement columns—especially the section headed "Small Ads. Worth Watching."

To encourage you to pursue what is in reality a treasure hunt, we offer the following prizes for the best statement *in not more than* 24 *words* (exclusive of name and address), of what is the best advertisement in JOHN BULL, and why. Write on postcards only.

1st Prize, £3; 2nd Prize, £1; and 30 consolation prizes.

Address your postcards to "Advertisement," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, to reach here not later than the first post, Wednesday, October 24.

Tricking Small Traders

SMALL traders who depend for their supplies upon firms which advertise cash with order bargains, should think twice before sending money to "The Lancashire Textile Company," Canal Mills, Preston, a concern of which one B. A. Fawcett proclaims himself Sole Proprietor.

The firm advertises a "Direct Mill Remnant Offer to Dealers, Stallholders, Drapers and Large Consumers," and to inspire confidence, the circular adds: "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Cash refunded without quibble."

If this guarantee were carried out we should have nothing to say.

When, however, the customer returns the goods and finds that the guarantee of "Satisfaction or Cash Refunded" is merely an idle phrase, he is justified in considering that he has been tricked.

One of our readers who sent money last May for a bundle of mixed remnants received a small parcel of grey calico which was quite useless, and promptly returned it with a request for the refund of his money. It is now October, and the leaves are falling, but Fawcett still sticks to his money.

These advertisements still appear weekly, but *not* in JOHN BULL. Readers, therefore, may with safety deal with our advertisers, for they are covered by our guarantees.

THE "JOHN BULL" ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. *If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.*

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

WALLPAPERS direct from contractor, therefore cheapest, from 3½d.; write for free pattern book.—Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Road, Leeds.

MOTOR RUGS.—The most wonderful offer ever made. Heavy Velour Cloth-lined Wool Tweed. Size 72 inches long, 50 inches wide, shades grey, fawn, brown, black and navy. Direct from the manufacturers. Made from materials purchased for below market value. Carriage free. 27/6. Money returned if not satisfied.—Silver Bros., 7, Hamsell Street, London, E.C.

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING! WHY PAY SHOP Prices? Newest Patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc., Furniture, Bedroom and general. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home in perfectly new condition. Send postcard to-day for illustrated price lists. Discount for cash, or by monthly instalments. Established 25 years. — Charles Riley, Dept 10, Moor Street, Birmingham.

AUGMENTED EARNING POWER is assured by training under the METROPOLITAN COLLEGE. Unique Postal Course of Spare-time Study, all business subjects. Send postcard today for "Guide to Careers in Business"—140 pp., free.

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The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

The "Yes! . . . . !" Government.
Mr. Baldwin's administration will go down to history as the "Yes! We have no policy" Government. Their purely negative attitude to all the grave problems confronting them is annoying the Dominion Premiers and exasperating the British people. It's time they woke up.

The Architect of Ruin.
Although Germany has capitulated, M. Poincaré has refused to negotiate with the German Government. Such vindictive insanity cannot fail to have its effect on this country. Have we no statesman with sufficient courage to save his own people from destruction?

The Real Aim.
It is clear that M. Poincaré's real aim is to use the Ruhr as a lever to force both us and America to cancel the debts owed by France. The Government should at least make him an offer and so force his hand. It would, at any rate, put his sincerity to the test.

Hush! Hush!
Why do not our Imperial Premiers do their work in the open? Is it that they are frightened of what the people will say to their proposals? Or is it that they have no proposals to make to their peoples? We want to know!

Law and Justice in Abeyance.
It is now clear that the Council of Ambassadors condemned Greece for the Janina murders before the Commission of Inquiry was even established. No wonder Earl Grey says Europe is sliding down the abyss to chaos!

Mess and Mussolini.
Italy's Dictator has poured open scorn on the League of Nations, and the League has no rebuke to offer. Cannot this country take the lead in proposing a substitution of a People's League for a Politician's Academy?

A Mischievous Delusion.
The hot-air orators who are acclaiming the British Empire as the true League of Nations do their country a grave disservice. Such vainglorious cant merely earns us the contempt of other nations.

Blackmailing the Nation.
The farmers' threat to convert arable land to grass unless the Government subsidises them must be met by firm action. But we agree with them that politeness is no substitute for policy.

Giving them a Lead.
The Co-operative Wholesale Society and several other British firms are about to start definite trade relations with Russia. Perhaps when they see things moving the Government will wake up and do likewise—as they should have done long ago.

A Useless Burden.
Apparently our Cologne troops are there for good, though we doubt if even Lord Curzon could tell us what good they are supposed to be doing. Bring them home and take this burden off the taxpayer at any rate.

Ramping the British Taxpayer.
The British Army Canteen at Cologne is an expensive item for the taxpayer owing to the policy of not changing the exchange rate to meet the slumping mark. Whitehall doesn't care but we do. This is a little matter that needs Parliamentary attention.

One-sided.
The Post Office employs a special staff setting traps for those who try to cheat bookmakers. Is it not time it varied this one-sided arrangement with traps for the fraudulent bookies who by faked postmarks and other devices cheat punters?

A Boomerang Policy.
Lord Leverhulme has condemned Protection out of hand. As one of the biggest manufacturers in the world he ought to know. Strange how reluctant the politician is to learn from practical business men!

Squeaks from "Pip."
The "Hats off to Everybody but Britain" Press is now all for "Hands off food." But if they were really in touch with public opinion they would come off the fence and insist on the whole Protectionist conspiracy being killed.

Sir Montague Didn't!
Sir Montague Barlow, Minister of Labour, modestly disclaims all credit for the unemployment scheme put forward by Commander Burney, M.P. God bless us! We never for a moment imagined that any member of the Government had either the brains or the energy to do anything of the kind.

A Slow Awakening.
The British Legion is the latest body to call for the organisation of the unemployed for useful and productive work. Strange how everybody is now advocating what we've urged from the very beginning!

A Crack-brained Scheme.
Mr. Shinwell, M.P., proposes a one-day strike to draw attention to the seriousness of unemployment. Of all the idiotic proposals this takes the biscuit. It makes one despair of Labour ever attaining legislative ability. But fortunately Mr. Shinwell isn't Labour.

Not Happy.
Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is not happy as titular Labour Leader. Don't be surprised if the political wiseacres get a big surprise when he returns from the Near East to drill his "awkward squad."

Is There One?
The Ministry of Labour is still awaiting the report of the committee of women who "inquired" into the shortage of domestic servants over three months ago. Meanwhile, the servants are either drawing the dole or emigrating to Canada.

Creating Stagnation.
The interminable Labour disputes in the shipyards have resulted in Britain falling badly behind in construction. When will the Trade Unions realise that the strike weapon is as antiquated—and as dangerous—as the boomerang?

A Dangerous Position.
On top of the many recent pit disasters comes the news that mine wages are to drop again. Unless speedy steps are taken to better the miners' conditions and ensure greater safety in the mines there will be an end to hopes of peace in the industry this winter. Let the Government see to it.

More Eyewash!
The Treasury has issued another of its innumerable circulars to the various Departments urging economy. What is needed is a Prime Minister who will *order* economy—and see that he gets it.

The Economy Goat.
Whenever the Government wish to "economise" they cast a longing eye on education, and further cuts are now to be made in that direction. Why not reduce real waste and leave education alone? There is a rich field of opportunity in official salaries and civil pensions.

Another Danger Ignored.
While the Home Office is making up its mind about hashish it might also consider the placing of aspirin on the list of dangerous drugs. Medical opinion is unanimous that the drug is dangerous and should be controlled.

Getting to Business.
Scotland Yard has been thoroughly roused by our revelations about the drug traffic and is preparing an intensive campaign against the traffickers this coming winter. We shall not rest until this noxious trade has been stamped out.

An Unedifying Dispute.
The argument between the panel doctors and the Ministry of Health must be speedily settled on a basis satisfactory to the patient; at present both sides seem to have forgotten him. The one essential is to provide a satisfactory service—and a mere increase of fees will not do it.

Serious Adulteration.
It is disquieting to find that flour is liable to contain arsenic. The use of this deadly poison in foodstuffs should be prohibited forthwith. Perhaps the Ministry of Health can find time to look into the matter.

Found Out at Last.
Poland has abolished the Ministry of Health because its work can be done by other Ministries. The work of our White Elephant could be done by other Ministries, too. Here's a great chance for the Government to follow a good example and effect a big economy!

Characteristic.
Who was responsible for the "Mind your own business" tone of the reply to a highly placed French Secret Service man who passed on to our authorities a few useful hints regarding methods of smugglers in the Channel? The reply was not likely to encourage similar offers in future.

A Good Move.

Salford is to have a Maternity Home and Child Welfare Centre for the poorer middle-classes who cannot afford the exorbitant nursing-home fees, yet shrink from the help of the Poor-laws. A fair chance for the babies is an excellent motto.

Scandalous Fees.

When Judges protest against exorbitant legal fees it is time to "sit up and take notice." "The hearing fee of two guineas," declared Judge Turner at the Mansfield County Court, "for cases for possession under the Rent Act is scandalous." It is, and should be modified forthwith.

Shame, Thrice Shame!

Who can forbear to cry "Shame!" on Sheriff Umpherstone, of Dumfirmline? One morning last week, in the local police court, he sentenced a man to two months' imprisonment for striking his wife, but when a degraded wretch named Michael Connelly pleaded guilty to indecently assaulting a baby girl not yet three years old, he considered the shocking offence suitably punished by imprisonment for two weeks.

The Root of Immorality.

Mr. A. H. Lieck, clerk at Thames Police Court, says that since the FitzRoy case the police are shy of arresting night birds, and a parson advises social reformers to attack not the girls but the causes of immorality. Destitution is the root of prostitution, and until the bishops come off prattling about prayer books and couples in parks, and concentrate on the evil of poverty, they will continue to be back numbers.

A Fly Pilot.

After swindling six workless men out of nearly £1,000 Alexander Fraser, an air pilot, has been sentenced at Middlesex Sessions to 18 months' imprisonment. He dangled the employment bait before his unfortunate dupes and when he had secured the swag refused to return them their money. He alleged that one man had threatened to fake an aeroplane so that he would crash. Fraser was too fly to break his precious neck, but not fly enough to avoid the arm of the Law.

Hell's Threshold.

Sir Robert Wallace, K.C., remarked at the London Sessions that '95 out of every 100 persons bound over never commit another offence, and thus bears out what JOHN BULL has said for years. The old policy of pushing a first offender into prison without giving him a chance has sent thousands of men and women to hell and cost us millions of pounds in punishing criminals who would have been helped to their feet by mercy.

Old Soldiers do Die!

John Gage (56) served 21 years in the Army before rejoining in 1914 "for the duration." He was rewarded with a pension of £10 a quarter, insufficient to keep him fit, as he had no work. When he was waiting to sign on at a Labour Exchange he fainted in the street from weakness, and died. It came out at the inquest at Edmonton that he is to lie in a pauper's grave. This is but one example of how the War Office "rewards" faithful soldiers, and is not mentioned on official recruiting posters!

Plain Language.

Aliens who would like to break our laws with impunity often assume a bewildered air of ignorance of our language when brought to book for their transgressions. Bailie Hogg, of Cowdenbeath, has a disconcerting way with these gentry when they hope to profit by knowing nothing of what is said. When Giovanni Cadel and Giovanni de Gecco were arraigned before him and pretended not to understand, his verdict was "£1 or ten days. Ye'll ken that a' richt." Well spoken, Bailie!

Heartless.

Guy's Hospital must be more sympathetic towards bereaved parents. "A sister told me the boy was very bad, but did not explain what it was," complained Mr. Ebenezer Randle at a Southwark inquest on his little son who died in hospital. He threatened to find out for himself; meanwhile, Mrs. Randle entered and saw her son—dead on a slab. During her evidence a young doctor grinned, and a relative of the boy threatened to hit him, but was restrained by a policeman.

Give us their Names.

Many unworthy men occupy prominent positions in the Church in Wales, a well-known fact which is testified to by the Rev. Roberts Jones. And a Pwllheli parson ought to know. But why not name the rascals, and disclose their special sins? It is not yet too late.

Why were the Police Dumb?

When three prisoners escaped from the London Sessions House last week, a youth who was in the cell with them refused to avail himself of the opportunity of regaining his liberty. His conduct was surely worthy of commendation and might have been taken into consideration in mitigation of his sentence, but he was sent to a Borstal Institution for three years, the Judge apparently having been kept in ignorance of the way he had resisted what must have been a great temptation! Why didn't the police speak out?

"By Their Deeds——!"

That by emigration we sometimes lose heroes and heroines who would be decided assets to the Old Country has been proved at Medford, Mass., U.S.A., by the bravery of Jessie Brown, a one-time Motherwell girl. Without thinking once of her own safety, Jessie wheeled from under the hoofs of stampeding horses the pram, containing her two-year-old cousin and was trampled to death by the maddened animals. By such deeds as this emigrated Britons show the world our mettle.

The Brute!

What a cowardly brute Thomas Neafsey, ex-chairman of the Salford Guardians, must be. His unhappy wife and three suffering children he turned in an almost naked condition into the street after midnight on one occasion. On another he wrapped the plait of his wife's hair round his hand and dragged her round the bedroom. The Labour Party cannot be proud of the fact that Neafsey is one of its prominent members.

Farmers' Spite.

Apparently some of the Norfolk farmers are descending to shabby tricks to get even with their labourers, whose "victory" last spring guaranteed them a miserable minimum wage of 25s. a week. With the approach of winter many of the labourers, who happen, by a strange coincidence, to be also the branch secretaries of their Union, are finding themselves sacked. That sort of thing is not British! We shall have to keep our eye on the Norfolk farmers!

As "John Bull" Pointed Out.

Mr. T. A. Warren, Director of Education for Wolverhampton, has been giving some startling facts and figures relating to unfit persons at large in this country. Out of 6,000 epileptics only 500 are being cared for in any sort of institution, and out of a population of 31,000 mentally defectives, only 15,000 are receiving any sort of training. Birth control, says Mr. Warren, is absolutely inoperative in these cases. Exactly; the fly in the ointment, as we ourselves have more than once pointed out.

A Happy Borstal.

Claiming "the Right to Justice and Truth," which is our motto, the mother of a boy at the Borstal Institution at Rochester asks us to say that on a recent visit she spoke to many of the lads there, and found them all very happy and devoted to the Governor, Col. Rich, whose sympathetic treatment had endeared him to the boys. We are glad to know that the humane methods which we have often urged have been put into practice in at least one of these Institutions. But—there are others.

Jack Tar's Widow.

Although her husband served for seventeen years in the Royal Navy and died while on active service, Mrs. Philpotts, of Madron Street, Walworth, has been refused a widow's pension on the ground that his death was not due to or aggravated by any disability incurred during his war service. Being in want, the poor widow was forced to apply to the Southwark Guardians for food for herself and her family. More is likely to be heard of the matter when Parliament reassembles. Meanwhile, what a splendid advertisement for recruiting purposes!

The Poor Man's Friend.

Dundee's poor are very poor, but the meat profiteers there would make them poorer if they were allowed their way. Councillor J. G. Fraser is the type of man who delights in breaking food rings, and his institution of a municipal meat stall in the Green market might be followed by other town authorities. Already through this new competition meat prices are falling for the Dundonian "wife," and the profiteers are looking askance.

Where is the Dog?

At Mold, Peter Davies and his son Eli were each fined £1 for cruelty to a dog. Eli, on his father's instructions, threw the animal down a disused coal-pit, from whence it was rescued a week later sitting on an old mattress. The sentence was miserably inadequate, of course, but what we want to know is what has become of the dog. A Taunton reader has offered to find a home for it. You Mold Magistrates, did you think of this?

A Hero's Reward.

While war profiteers loll in luxury, a much different story is told of William Page, of Guiseley, (Yorks), who answered the country's call and joined the Army in 1914. He has never had a regular job since he was demobilised, and for a fortnight, during a gap in the dole, he and his family had to live on a diet of nettles, boiled on a fire made of gathered weed and rubbish!

A Disgraceful Turn-down.

A pensioner in Glasgow, who is consumptive and hungry, applied to the local branch of the United Services Fund for help. The reply gives us to think. It was: "Referring to your application from the above fund, I regret to inform you that our rules do not permit of our dealing with your case, which is one of a prolonged nature. Therefore, no assistance can be given." What has headquarters at Eccleston Square to say?

The Cry of the Convict.

The way of the ex-convict was never easy. Thomas Jones, of Cardiff, who has spent 14 years in jail, told a pitiful tale when charged at Swansea with leaving Cardiff, without notifying the police. "Whenever I try for work," he said, "they ask me where I come from, and I have to tell them the truth. If there is no prospect of a job, send me back to prison. I cannot live on air." That is hard luck on a man trying to wipe out the past.

Child Slaves.

Terrible allegations as to ill-treatment of child immigrants are made by Miss Charlotte Whitten, of Canada. The treatment meted out to youngsters hired out to farmers under what is virtually a system of child slavery is appalling. Many of these little boys are overworked and thrashed. When one fell sick of pneumonia he was thrust into a dark cellar, where he died—alone and untended. There are institutions in this country which make a feature of child emigration, and investigation must be undertaken forthwith.

From Comfort to Crime.

Now under two years' probation, Mrs. Mary Annie Stott sacrificed £600 a year to start her ex-officer husband as a poultry-farmer. All her money went, an annuity of £185 is earmarked to pay his debts, she has three children, and worked as a domestic servant until her health failed. Faced with the choice of going on the streets, or into the workhouse, or being dishonest, she committed fraud. Her husband, having had all her money, was not even at Marlborough Street Police Court to comfort the woman to whom he has brought poverty.

Modern Plank-walking.

Few people will envy the feelings of George Allinson, a mill-manager of Oldham, who must be one of the most sour-spirited cads in existence. Because young lovers made a practice of sheltering in a doorway belonging to the mill, he caused trap-doors over which they walked in the darkness to be raised, with the result that the next couple stepped into the drop. A girl named Emily Shaw was killed, yet the coroner, with nothing more than a disapproving remark, recorded the verdict of accidental death. Manslaughter would have been nearer the mark.

A Puzzle.

Officials compiling analyses of last census are still wrestling with a vain attempt to make the marriage figures square with their records of widowers, bachelors and widows and spinsters. Wholesale bigamy is their explanation of the discrepancy, and a number of suspicious cases have been passed on for inquiry.

The Staff of Death.

The Dover Health Committee, after hearing reports from the analyst as to arsenic found in three samples of flour, solemnly passed a resolution expressing the opinion that no arsenic whatever should be allowed in foodstuffs! The resolution we wish to see is the one passed by Dover housewives recording their opinion of the Health Committee.

A Wolf Looking for Lambs.

Recently an advertisement appeared in a London paper inviting applications for a partnership in a Commission Agency business. This emanated from John Woolf, of 103, Regent Street, London. Considering that Woolf is known to the Turf Guardian Society, chiefly by reason of the number of complaints they receive concerning him, we would not advise anyone to entertain his proposals.

Caudle Goes to Bristol.

Francis S. Caudle, the pious humbug we recently exposed for his building society frauds on poor and homeless people, has left London and started a new series of building operations at 4, White Ladies Road, Bristol. He advertises his willingness to buy land, build bungalows and genuinely solve the housing shortage, and says he has ample funds available. The Public Prosecutor has not yet answered our question as to what he is going to do about Mr. Caudle.

Woman Crook's Mad Career.

D spite her romantic name Esme Beaumont Ellison, daughter of honest Newport people, holds a crime record amazing in its daring. Esme has gone from prison to prison, only to take up her life of fraud and villainy immediately on securing release. Her latest exploit was to secure two £1,000 necklaces from one jeweller which she immediately sold to others for what she could get. But what touching faith to be displayed by the jewel-selling fraternity!

What's in a Name?

Auburn-haired, well-dressed Edith Dunn has again been operating her begging letter frauds on theatricals about Liverpool. She represents herself as an out-of-luck sick actress, the daughter and granddaughter of formerly well-known stars. The alias she uses are "Irene O'Hara, late of the Three Sisters O'Hara," "Rene Wallace," "Edith Kent," "Irene George," and "Mabel Wynne George." The truth is that Edith has been passing in and out of jail since 1894.

Going Wrong on the Continong!

James McGregor, a debonair miner of Glasgow, has a wife and child in that city, but these calls were too weak when Jessie Marshall appeared on the scene from the South with an ample supply of wealth at her disposal. After touring the places of note in Europe and America the couple returned to a luxurious flat in Nottingham. Here, however, astute Glasgow detectives awaited the aristocratic McGregor and later introduced this wife-deserter to the Glasgow Sheriff. James is now resting after his extensive travelling!

"Give Me a Chance!"

Although Alfred Hooper, commercial traveller, confessed at Southend that he had embezzled £49 19s. 6d., applause greeted the decision of the Bench to bind him over for twelve months. Frederick W. Owen, costume manufacturer, 370, Kingsland Road, Dalston, said he paid Hooper £1 a week and another £1 8s. commission. Hooper lived at Southend and had to pay fares to London and support five children and his mother, and had been deserted by his wife. "Give me a chance!" he pleaded, but Owen hardened his heart and prosecuted. Hooper found justice more merciful.

More Barbarism.

In spite of desperate efforts by the magistrates to obtain a reprieve another woman has been hanged—this time at Glasgow. Surely it is time this nauseating and barbaric custom was done away with in Christian England?

A Rogue's Ruse.

"H. Martial," who advertises in English papers offering "Art Studies" from Chaussée d'Antin, Paris, is the notorious Etzbacher, already exposed by us. This is an accommodation address, from which letters are forwarded to Berlin and orders executed there.

The Biter Bitten.

James Ward is a London trickster with a cheek of brass. His method is to offer as a bargain an eighteen carat gold ring which afterwards turns out to be brass. But the whole affair was too brassy for Detective William Moore who happened to be one of the chosen victims. Now, from his enforced retirement, Ward can reflect on the advisability of choosing gulls without meeting a Bill able to bite.

Music Hath Charms, but——!

Jail is the proper place for such cunning bogus managers as Max Whittaker, of the musical production "Music." By means of an advertisement he swindled a partner he obtained for the show. Without having arranged a tour he took a company of artistes on the road, and at the end of the second week left them stranded in a small Staffordshire town. Six weeks in a cell should do the rascal good.

Problems of Life.

THE DISCOURAGER.

By the REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THERE is a kind of person who should be avoided like the plague. He is the person who pours the chill breath of disapproval or disbelief upon every generous enthusiasm and bold endeavour, the person whose special predilection it is to paint every situation in the blackest colours.

Has disaster fallen upon your family fortune? You will never know how bad it is until he has had the opportunity of telling you.

By the time he has finished telling you, you will be ready to commit suicide.

Are things going hard with old England? If you listen to him you will feel that it is hopeless ever to expect them to be better.

He takes a ghoulish pleasure in showing you how shamelessly lazy and incompetent the British workman is, how impoverished the national resources, how ruinous the state of trade, how impossible to recover our over-seas markets or hold our own against the foreigner.

The amount of truth in what he says makes him all the more disheartening, and well he knows it. If you attempt to point a gleam of light he will floor you with a newspaper article or strike you dumb with official statistics.

Dare to be cheerful when he is about and he will make you feel that you are engaging in a dance with death.

He is like an east wind when anyone tries to suggest a thought of hope and cheer to the burdened and anxious.

He depresses energy and blights self-confidence wherever he goes.

He will work harder to prevent men making good than he ever does to save them from ruin.

The dreary grip of his paralysing counsels does more harm to life-giving effort than any amount of active opposition.

As the law forbids killing him, the next best thing is to keep out of his way till his dismal prophecies are proved false.

Traffickers in Filth.

Enormous profits are raked in by the depraved traffickers in atrociously filthy pictures and alleged "novelties." And in view of this the £84 fine he had to pay was lenient punishment for Harry Hutchings, the Chorlton-on-Medlock fancy goods dealer, whose disreputable business was conducted in Brook Street. Such men spread obscenity as a pestilent epidemic in a city like Manchester, and the police should bestir themselves to lay by the heels the many others who are filling their pockets by destroying morality.

Way's Nasty Ways.

A. J. Way, of 5, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C., who advertises homework for ladies, asks them to buy "art" silk from him and knit it into jumpers which he undertakes to purchase when completed. Although the finished garment may be pronounced perfectly satisfactory by independent experts, Way has a way of finding that it is not up to his standard, and even declaring the work to be very poor and unsaleable. This offer appears to be simply a trick to induce people to purchase "art" silk at extravagant prices.

Who's Harrington?

A tipster calling himself Hamilton Pryor, of 6, Gerrard Mansions, London, W., makes "a sensational offer" of £12 credit free with "that well-know firm of bookmakers," J. Harrington, 34, Essex Street, Strand. The only trace of the "well-known firm" we could find at that address was a letter box from which a girl collects correspondence, but Harrington was eventually dug out at a dingy office in Chandos Street, where he appeared to be engaged in a tipster's business, and refused to accept commissions as a bookmaker without an introduction from a client. Queer.

Pearls of Small Price.

For sheer audacity we have seen nothing lately to equal a typewritten circular headed "De Luxe Pearl Company," which invites all and sundry to send ten shillings for a guinea pearl necklace to 85, Hatton Garden, London, E.C. Apart from "M. Moss, Manager" in parenthesis, there is nothing whatever to indicate who is responsible for this extraordinary offer, and the name of the "firm" is not even printed. People who part with their money on such flimsy pretexts must be fools indeed.

Rotters Routed.

McLean and Lee, of 51 and 52, Carey Street, Chancery Lane, the self-styled "acknowledged leading Turf and Football Accountants," whose disgraceful methods we scathingly exposed in our last issue, have thrown in the towel in the first round. Callers at Carey Street last week were informed that they had gone out of business owing to the attacks made on them in John Bull. After the manner of their kind, they will probably bob up again shortly under another name, but we shall be ready for them.

A Powder-puff.

By way of introducing a new face-powder, T. Martin, of 37, Albemarle Street, London, W., offers 500 sets of a "home-face-massage-outfit" free, the only condition stipulated in his announcement being the purchase of a box of powder for 2s. 6d. Those who send their half-crowns discover that there is another condition, namely, that they must introduce ten more customers. Martin describes his offer as "a magnificent advertisement" for the preparation. We don't think much of a powder that requires that sort of puff.

Birds of a Feather.

Joseph Kay and Co., 55, Chancery Lane, seem to be birds of the same feather as Coutts and Co., the famous fee-snatchers of Holborn, whom we have so often exposed. They advertise offering particulars of passage paid positions abroad, and invite applicants to send them 5s. for twenty names and addresses of overseas firms and 25s. for a series of typed letters of application for employment. The only difference appears to be that Kays are a little cheaper than Coutts, but in our experience such services as either concern can render to those seeking appointments abroad are dear at any price.

Adam and His Apples

THERE was once a very great man called Adam Smith, who wrote a famous book called "The Wealth of Nations." There is another Adam Smith who is also interested in finance. But he is not a famous author.

He is merely a money-lender with a disagreeable habit of taking fees from people who think that he is going to lend them money. Here is a record of one of his transactions. A gentleman bought Government Victory Bonds for which he paid £85. Having need for money he asked Adam Smith to buy them.

Adam offered him £60. The man refused, but took a loan upon the security of the bonds of £25. For this he had to pay £37 10s., being the principal and interest, plus ten shillings expenses. Being unable to pay this, he had to take Adam Smith's offer of £60 for his bonds.

The result was that he got sixty pounds, plus £25 loan from Adam Smith, in all £85, or the real value of his bonds. For the privilege of getting the actual market value of his bonds he had to pay £38.

Let us take another example of the proceedings of Adam Smith, Ltd. A shopkeeper in Holborn, established since 1866, wanted the loan of £25 on the goodwill of his business, offering also a bill of sale on the furniture at his private address.

A representative from Adam Smith called and announced that there would be no trouble about the loan. The shopkeeper sent on the usual fee of 7s. 6d. He did not get the loan, as he was asked to find a substantial security.

In his advertisements Adam Smith offers to lend money without security and on note of hand only. The shopkeeper failed to get his seven-and-sixpence back.

Another example. An insurance broker got in touch with Adam Smith, Ltd., through an advertisement which they issue, giving their address as 78, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C. He paid preliminary fees amounting, in this case, to thirty-six shillings. He did not get his loan and issued a summons in Westminster County Court.

The summons was returned because the defendants were stated to have left the address given. The registered address was given as 65, West Regent Street, Glasgow.

From this it will be seen that, although the firm of Adam Smith open their negotiations from a London address, for the purpose of suing them one must go to the Scottish courts. As a matter of fact, a money-lender who lends money from any address except his registered address is liable to a heavy penalty. Adam Smith apparently gets over this by not lending the money from his London address, though that is very useful to him for the purpose of collecting fees.

We advise our readers to have nothing whatever to do with these people.

Striking Oil in Piccadilly

THERE are many clever people about looking for mugs who are easily lead into so-called fortune-making schemes. We introduce you to another of these smart fellows.

THERE may be some people who think that Premier House, Piccadilly, is the official residence of the Prime Minister. That shows the necessity of teaching geography to the young.

Premier House has not the honour of being associated in any way, even the most remote, with Mr. Stanley Baldwin. It has a much higher claim to fame. In one of its watertight compartments it houses a gentleman called Mr. T. W. Hancock.

To the uninitiated this may convey nothing. But to those who believe in Mr. Hancock it conveys a great deal. It means that Premier House is really El Dorado, that in some corner of it lurks the great secret that everybody desires to acquire, a simple plan for making money *ad lib.*, for getting rich quick with the minimum of effort and with the maximum of enjoyment.

The way it is done is simple. You go in to see Mr. Hancock and you ask him in the technical phrase of the get-rich-quick fraternity whether there is "anything doing."

Stimulated by this inquiry, Mr. Hancock takes a deep breath, draws himself up to his full height, looks out of the window with the air of a man contemplating something beyond the reach of mere ordinary humanity, and murmurs, as though to himself, "Anglo Burma Oils."

It is a sort of financial shibboleth. Mr. Hancock mutters it with an air of apprehension, as though at any moment the door might open and some unworthy and unqualified person come into the room and share this heaven-sent secret.

When you have recovered, you may be greatly daring enough to ask what "Anglo Burma Oils" are. More mystery. More deep breaths. More drawing himself up to his full height. More looks of judicial gravity and inscrutable wisdom. Then the handsome and gracious admission that Anglo Burma Oils are a two-shilling share now quoted at twopence—a reasonable and almost negligible figure—but destined, under the auspices of Mr. Hancock and his friends, to rise to perhaps 5s. a share, or perhaps £5 a share, or possibly, with a bit of luck, to £500 a share.

If, again, you recover, Mr. Hancock will tell you, in his handsome and gracious way, that he will sell you one of these shares, or indeed any number of them, at 2½d. If you are rude enough to ask why he should part with them, he will tell you that it is because new directors have come in and put up £50,000 for the sheer pleasure and delight of doing a bit of good to these twopenny-farthing shares.

You may not see much fun in pumping fifty thousand pounds worth of new life-blood into anæmic twopenny-farthing shares. But Mr. Hancock does.

You may not realise the advantage of these pumping operations. Mr. Hancock does. He says: "The mere endeavour on the part of the erstwhile moribund company to work the property will make the value of the shares jump substantially."

There you have the whole secret. You put in 2½d., somebody else puts in £50,000, and the result of this unequal combination is that an erstwhile moribund company is galvanised into life, and starts jumping all over the place, not exactly like a gold-bug, but like some other insect whose popularity is limited by the general consensus of opinion that it is undesirable to admit even its very existence.

You may think this is all nonsense. It isn't. It is Mr. Hancock's idea of high finance. The flaw is that the new directors are supposed to have brought in their £50,000 as long ago as *last November*, and, if the consequences of their introduction and new capital were real, the shares by this time should have been worth a few hundred pounds.

Apparently they are not. Otherwise Mr. Hancock would not be offering them at 2½d., or even, it may be supposed, at 2¼d. His explanation is that the public do not yet know the elastic and resilient nature of these shares.

What they may not know, but what they can easily find out, is that a petition for a compulsory winding-up order is hanging over the head of this alluring and fascinating "Burma Oil" proposition.

This does not discourage Mr. Hancock from urging such an investment. In the strictest confidence he told the Special Commissioner of JOHN BULL, of whose identity he was not acute enough to be aware, that Anglo Burma Oils were "a good, gilt-edged, cast-iron" investment, and that as a matter of fact the directors were regretting that they were going too cheaply, and were anxious to buy them back at 9d. a share.

Against such an investment we warn everybody who may be reached by the private and confidential, secret and plausible circulars which Mr. T. W. Hancock is good enough to broadcast, for the benefit of humanity, from the gold-plated vantage-point of Premier House, Piccadilly.

Is it not good of him to sell to strangers at 2d. what directors are willing to give ninepence for?

Style—and Stiles

MOST makers of stylish clothes are people of style themselves—they earn their living in style and find it profitable to dress in style and to act in style. Stylish manners often make stylish banking accounts.

But an exception to this golden rule is provided by a concern called the City of London Co-operative Stores, Ltd., of 74, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4. Apart from their address, they appear to have no style at all, certainly no good form, so far as ordinary honesty in business is concerned.

The Co-operative Stores are alluring advertisers. They can supply you with anything in the way of attire—hats, coats and costumes, frocks, furs, shoes, anything and everything necessary to keep you a decorative ornament to Society, and, incidentally impervious to pneumonia.

They have a "Special Gents' Outfitting Department," are "specialists in the art of selling and satisfying by post," and their palatial offices are "one minute from St. Paul's, Post Office, Strand, Holborn Viaduct, and Blackfriars."

Last March a lady placed an order with this firm for an advertised costume, value £3 3s. When it arrived it was unsympathetically stylish, and the lady sent it back with her regrets that it was not made to the measurements sent, and asked for her money back, in accordance with the guarantee.

She did not get her money back. Instead, the Stores treated her in great style and ignored her altogether. She wrote again and again. But as the months rolled by, silence and style reigned supreme.

The Stores eventually emerged from their slumber. In July they wrote her as follows:—

> We are in receipt of your letter of the 21st inst., and regret delay in refunding your money, which has been caused by your letters being inadvertently filed. As our cashier is now on holiday, we will place this matter before him immediately he returns, when your money will be refunded. Regretting any inconvenience that may have been caused by the delay.

The lady saw hope at last. All stylish firms have cashiers, and all stylish cashiers have holidays. But the Co-operative Stores cashier is still away.

A month ago the matter came to our notice, and we wrote to the firm asking for the return of the three guineas in accordance with their guarantee. If we had hoped for a reply, we were disappointed. Style is a thing which cannot be blotted out in Ludgate Hill.

People of style should try to practise common courtesy. And people who want clothes should not go to a firm like the City of London Co-operative Stores, which makes a guarantee, does not keep it, and sticks to the money of disappointed customers to whom they have made a written pledge to return it.

We presume that during their continued silence in this case, the City of London Co-operative Stores go on telling people that they are experts in the art of selling and satisfying by post. We think otherwise.

The Coffin-ship Tragedy

HERE is a tragic story of gallant British lives thrown away. Never before has there been such a shocking betrayal of men who go down to the sea in ships.

DURING the war British seamen showed the stuff of which they were made. Time after time, men who had been shipwrecked, with their vessels sunk under them by German torpedoes, faced the danger again and returned to sea. Germany was resolved to bring us to our knees. She left out of account the courage and the patriotism of British seamen.

What is their reward? The answer is the story of the *El Kahira*. This vessel sailed from the Thames last July for Mediterranean ports. She was lost at sea with all hands. Nothing was ever heard of her again, nothing but the grim witness of the Captain's dead body, washed up off Cape Grisnez.

The scandal is that this ship was a coffin-ship. She was sent to sea in an unseaworthy condition. The law is that a ship of her tonnage should not be put to sea without a wireless installation. The *El Kahira* went without one.

It is the business of the Board of Trade to see that the provisions of the Merchant Shipping Act are carried out. In this case it failed. Then it calmly proceeds to hold an investigation into its own failure. The accused sits on the bench and delivers judgment—a travesty of justice.

* * *

Inquiry revealed an appalling state of affairs. The *El Kahira* was an unsafe ship. Her boatfalls were in such a condition that the boats could not be readily launched or easily handled, and it was found "highly improper" to send her to sea without first being dry-docked and overhauled.

The pilot who took this coffin-ship down river told the captain, who is since drowned, that he could not call the *El Kahira* a ship, but only a wreck. The mate left her because he would not go to sea in a ship which loaded cargo in the cabin, and of which the hatches could not be battened down. He was a wise man and a lucky one.

The captain and the crew are drowned. Their widows and orphans wring their hands and ask what is to be done for them.

* * *

The answer of the Board of Trade, which allowed this ship to go out in defiance of the laws it is there to administer, is that it has censured one of its officials—Mr. F. Philip Smith—who occupies the important position of deputy superintendent—and fined the manager of the owners of the ship, Ernest Olivier, the sum of two hundred guineas.

Two hundred guineas on one side of the account, and on the other the lives of thirty British seamen, sent to their death with complete disregard of the rules for safeguarding the lives of those who go down to the sea in ships.

And even this paltry sum of two hundred guineas does not go to the relatives. It is impounded by the Board of Trade towards the cost of the Board's own inquiry into its own deficiencies. The widows and the orphans still remain in the background, empty-handed.

It may be said that the widows and the orphans can take an action for compensation against the shipowners. This is easy talk and cheap.

The owners of the *El Kahira* were the Trading and Coaling Co., Ltd., of St. Helen's Place, E.C. As a result of our inquiries we are unfortunately in a position to say that there is very little chance of the widows and orphans getting anything beyond the sympathy of the British public.

Their gallant seamen lie at the bottom of the ocean; the manager of the company is fined, a Board of Trade official censured, and there apparently ends the matter.

Again we ask what is the Board of Trade for? Here is a ship which had been lying up for a long time, deteriorating every day. British seamen are signed on to take her to a Greek port. In the circumstances the Board of Trade ought to have been particularly vigilant.

To allow this coffin-ship to go to sea with its steam pipes blowing full of holes, with its boiler in a parlous condition, with its lifeboat falls perished, and without even the necessary wireless to summon help when disaster came, was a crime against our gallant seamen which *they* have expiated and not the owners or the well-paid officials of the Board of Trade.

* * *

We say that there ought to be another inquiry into the conduct of the Board of Trade itself. We say that there ought to be compensation by the Government for the loss of lives which it was the Government's duty to protect. We say that there should be much more drastic punishment than the absurd sentence passed by the Board of Trade when sitting in judgment on itself.

It may be that public opinion was deadened during the war by the loss of so many ships. The public will not tolerate to-day the sacrifice of gallant lives which could and ought to have been prevented. We are in no mood to excuse murder through incompetence, and to allow highly paid officialdom to burke the issue by a white-washing inquiry of its own.

On behalf of our British seamen, risking their lives every day that we at home may live, we protest against this great and indefensible scandal.

The Tricks of England

MOST of us have to work for our living, and we find it rather a slow and arduous method of accumulating wealth. Profits are small, and they mount up painfully slowly. When, therefore, someone comes along who promises to double our capital while we wait, we are tempted to lend him a ready ear—and all the money we can lay our hands on.

Unfortunately, experience shows that this is a temptation which should be sternly resisted.

The bogus broker who conducts a bucket shop often succeeds in making money, it is true, but this money rarely, if ever, finds its way into the pockets of the people who parted with their hard-earned savings in the hope of seeing their little pile increase perhaps ten-fold, perhaps twenty-fold, perhaps a hundred-fold.

One firm which specialises in setting this kind of monetary trap for the optimistic and unwary is Messrs. F. A. England and Co., 32-33, Holborn Viaduct, London.

We have received many complaints regarding this concern, and now we hear from a poor man in Scotland, who described himself as struggling to make an honest living, having taken on an agency for the firm in the hope of earning a livelihood for himself, and, at the same time, doing a good turn to his friends and acquaintances on the strength of advice from the firm in question.

Of course our correspondent writes to us too late; he should have sought our opinion before committing himself and his friends to transactions with a firm of such unenviable notoriety as Messrs. England and Co.

This poor fellow has, therefore, cost his friends no less than £60, they being people who cannot afford to lose their money and who entrusted our correspondent with the business partly to assist him in his distress.

Messrs. England and Co. also owe our correspondent more than £5 for commissions, as well as £2 which he is still simple enough to imagine they invested for him and lost. "This," he says, "has nearly driven me mad."

Some of his friends are anxious to spend more money in lawyers' fees in the hope of recovering the cash with which they have already parted, and our opinion is asked as to whether it is desirable to run the risk of throwing good money after bad. We are afraid it is not.

Our correspondent further alleges that Messrs. England and Co. hold £10 belonging to one man, subject to instructions to invest it, and in spite of letters and prepaid wires, he can neither obtain the return of his money nor even an acknowledgment of his communications.

"Are they," he asks, "still in business, or are they in jail?" This inquiry seems to us to be very pertinent. The answer, of course, is that Messrs. England and Co. are still at liberty and carrying on their nefarious business. We suggest that Scotland Yard might well take cognisance of their operations.

Maple Leaf Lunacy

NORMAN BELL, a respectable north-countryman, sailed for Canada on August 11. He is now back again in Old England. The story of his experiment in emigration, and the manner of his return, is an instructive one.

He had a good job in Liverpool, but, his wife having died suddenly, he was anxious to escape from the sorrowful associations which surrounded him there, and lured by the advertisements for harvestors in the land of the Golden West, he paid £12 for his passage and went.

Bell reached Winnipeg on August 19, and was fortunate enough to get immediate work. After a few days he got a better job on a farm, where he was guaranteed work for twelve months at four hundred dollars a year with board and lodging.

He liked the work. He liked the people. His room was warm and cosy and his food good and plentiful. He began to look forward to a bright future, something like that so glowingly depicted on the posters, and to believe that emigration agents were not such thundering liars after all.

Then he caught a cold in his eye. We say "his eye" advisedly, for he had only one that was of any service. He had thoughtlessly left the other behind in France during the Great War. It had been replaced by one of glass which was ornamental if not useful, and the fact had been duly noted when he was medically examined and accepted as an immigrant.

As his eye became inflamed, he reported it as required by the regulations. The medical officer was out when he called, and a clerk quite unwarrantly marked his card:

"Physically unfit for farm work wants to see doctor," and told him to call again.

That clerk has a lot on his conscience. As a result of his unjustifiable remark, the doctor simply made a perfunctory examination and certified our emigrant unfit for work.

Without being allowed even to return to the farm to pack his luggage or draw his pay, Bell was bundled on to the first ship sailing for Liverpool, where he landed last week with nothing but the clothes he was wearing.

He at once asked to be sent to London to lay his case before the High Commissioner. His request was granted, and he was told he would receive ten dollars as compensation for his hardship.

Arrived at the High Commissioner's office, he got nothing—except a promise that they would "write a strong letter to Canada about it all."

That a man who had found work which he was quite capable of doing should be kicked out of Canada in this unceremonious fashion is disgraceful, and we look to the High Commissioner furnishing us with an explanation of such conduct.

Telling the Tale

THE popularity of a newspaper competition can be judged by two things—the number of the competitors and the number of the "hangers-on."

The "hangers-on" in "Bullets" case are the philanthropic gentlemen, usually possessed of half a dozen names, who undertake for sums ranging from 6d. to 10s. to supply competitors with lines that "will win 'Bullets' first prize."

The modest claims of these wizards leave us staggered. With an assurance that is really intriguing they tell wondrous tales of the number of winning efforts they have supplied to readers, and generally make a passing reference to the influence they have with our judges!

The competitor, however, who believes all this and pictures in his mind's-eye this wonderful "solution" merchant sitting at lunch with our Competition Editor and ramming "Bullets" down his throat, is courting disillusionment.

Only last week we burst the bubble of Geoffrey Pardoe, of 161A, Strand, London, who offered not only to supply competitors with "winning lines," but in the event of them *not* winning to provide free postal orders, coupons and postage for future efforts until he did succeed with the first prize!

Before us now is the bombastic circular of Ralph Kennedy, St. Mary's Chambers, Strand. They seem to have a weakness for the Strand, these fellows.

Ralph says: "I have evolved the lines which should win. They have been shown in confidence to a keen judge, and since he approves, you have nothing to fear."

Just what he means by this it is difficult to say, but his language is painfully clear when he demands 5s. for his "Bullets" line. And—here is the rub—Ralph's circular has neatly stamped on the back of it—"G. R. Pardoe"!

Here's another of 'em. Let's introduce him. On our right, A. Pearce, 6, Dorset Street, E.C. 4; on our left (in the form of a little printed inscription on Pearce's circular)—G. R. Pardoe! What a game it is!

Pearce, in a sworn affidavit, claims to have been connected with the winning of "forty first prizes in JOHN BULL," but is so modest about it that he does not print even *one* of these winning efforts.

* * *

We believe our readers are alive at last to the absurdity of the claims of most of those dealers in "Bullets." Not one of them can affect the decisions of our judges. "Bullets," are judged on their merits.

From Cambridge comes a rosy-tinted circular sent by A. J. Whiteman, 24, Petty Cury. He has boldly reprinted from JOHN BULL one of our "Bullets" articles, and this, side by side with his own letter, is apt to give the impression that he is in touch with us. We don't know him!

The Menace of the Yellow Men

Once more the Chinese in our midst are active in their haunts of vice. We succeeded in stopping their dangerous game before, and we mean to do so again. Here we deal with some of the notorious characters of Chinatown.

CHINATOWN has awakened. Behind its closed doors and shuttered windows the old games that made it notorious are being resumed, cautiously, tentatively and hopefully.

At the beginning of the year word was passed round Chinatown to go slow. The outspoken exposures of JOHN BULL had produced an alarming effect. The police simply had to act upon the information which we disclosed week after week, and repeated raids took place, organised not by the local police, but by Scotland Yard.

Hundreds of Chinamen of dubious character were arrested. Many of them were sent to jail. Some of them, but not half enough, were deported. Those who escaped decided to imitate Brer Fox, and to lie low.

The one thing that terrifies most of these people, who have not yet filled their pockets, is the prospect of being deported. But as they do no serious work, and cannot live for long without plunder, they have decided that they must resume their malevolent activities at once.

If they find the police complaisant and occupied in other affairs, the stream of vice and cunning will grow steadily in volume and variety. Already the dope peddlers are again to be seen in the West End. They were driven underground in the spring of this year when the Home Secretary, following our exposures, increased the penalty for dealing in cocaine and other drugs to a maximum of ten years' penal servitude and a fine of £1,000.

The organisers of the traffic have persuaded the peddlers that the risk is not so great as it seems, that no Chinaman would really be sent to jail for more than a few months because deportation would be added to the sentence, which could not be done in the case of an English peddler. There are always Chinamen who have sent home their money and propose to return home themselves. For them deportation has no terror. They take the risk of big profits for their last flutter.

All the other undesirable activities are being resumed, the opium smoking and the gambling, the fan-tan and pukka-poo. The parasites of Chinatown are determined to get all the money they can both from the West and the East End.

One of the worst of these people is an undersized yellow man named Ho Song Chiung. He lives with a white woman in High Street, Poplar, and makes frequent visits to Liverpool, where there is a large Chinese quarter in Pitt Street. Ho Song is a member of the dangerous Chung Yee Tong, and was a great friend of Ng Yuen, the late President, who was murdered in Holland.

The murdered man also had a string of white women under his control, and he compelled them to traffic in dope for his advantage. He was a treacherous rascal, betrayed his own fellow-countrymen, and was shot in consequence.

One of the sinister figures of Pitt Street, by the way, makes frequent visits to Limehouse, calling at the headquarters of the Chung Yee Tong in Limehouse Causeway. His name is Sing Tiang and he is a great friend of a particularly odious scoundrel called Mon Di. The latter is at present in jail, to which he was sent for a criminal assault on a little girl of eight years of age. Not only was the child cruelly assaulted, but she contracted a loathsome disease. Her mother is one of the white women who have reached the lowest depths of degradation, and consent to live with these yellow pests.

There are many white women being again enlisted into the service of these crafty and insidious men. Two of them are well known to travel almost nightly between Piccadilly and Limehouse. They were both regular frequenters of Shepherd's Club in Shaftesbury Avenue, and were well known to night club life in general.

Both boast of their friendship with Brilliant Chang, who was last seen by our Special Commissioner serving coffee in a night club in Gerrard Street at four o'clock in the morning. He was under the impression that our Commissioner was an old customer from the Chinese Café he ran off Regent Street, where Freda Kempton had her last meal.

Another extremely dangerous person in Chinatown to-day is Chong Sing, just out of jail after three months' sojourn there for being concerned with a dope den in Limehouse. The den was fitted with alarm bells worked from the street, and its pipes and appliances were of the latest design. Why was Chong Sing not deported?

Our Special Commissioner has recently spent several nights in Chinatown. The only radical change noticeable is that several of the "shops" have been brightened up.

The serpent of Eastern and exotic vice has been scotched, not killed. It is the duty of the police to complete the job.

More Food Poisoning Revelations

HUNDREDS of cases of food-poisoning occur that are not reported in the Press, as the sufferers are treated at home by private doctors.

A serious case, of which more is likely to be heard, has just occurred in the Edgware Road district. A whole family was stricken by ptomaine poisoning, traced directly to a supper of corned beef. Mrs. Purkis purchased at a cooked meat shop (one of the multiple branches in London) a tin of a well-known and largely sold brand of corned beef.

After eating this the family were seized with acute pains and violent sickness. A doctor at once diagnosed the symptoms as ptomaine poisoning. Those who had eaten most freely of the beef were seriously ill for some days.

The members of Mrs. Purkis' family who are employed in business were unable to resume their work for some time, and their mother sought compensation from the firm from whom she had purchased the meat.

They repudiated all liability, despite the testimony of three medical men to support Mrs. Purkis' claim. She then consulted a Marylebone solicitor, who wrote on her behalf to the firm, but received no satisfactory reply.

Surely it should be the duty of the Ministry of Health to investigate such cases as this; there are far too many ignored. We have the name of the firm who sold this particular tin, and the names of many other firms who are selling it. What is to prevent the Health Ministry from making purchases of this special brand and subjecting it to a severe test?

We further direct the Ministry's attention to the danger of the tea-shop and restaurant habit of the lunch service of reheated fish, chops, steaks, etc., cooked on the previous day at central depots and distributed to hundreds of shops where there are no cooking facilities.

Several cases have recently been brought to our notice where violent sickness has followed on eating this rewarmed food, served as freshly cooked portions. Frozen meat and offal, such as kidneys and sweetbreads (the latter now very prominent on the tea-shop menus) washed with vinegar or Condy's fluid lose all taint and smell, and may appear innocuous, but the danger is still there.

We have good authority for this statement: further, for the statement that the peculiarly bright red frequently seen in meat exposed for sale in butchers' shops is the result of using an acid preservative. The damp swab, too, used by butchers to wipe over cut joints and pieces is soaked in this acid.

Cold storage simply delays decomposition. When frozen meat, poultry or game is released from storage and exposed to the air, decomposition quickly sets in; hence the need of acid treatment to arrest and destroy the evidence of its presence.

Dutch vegetable growers grow rich, while English caterers prefer to buy shiploads of potatoes and the unhealthy cow cabbage grown on Dutch sewage farms. What has the Ministry of Agriculture to say about this?

Something must be done about the food question and done quickly.

CARTOONETTES

and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

The task they shirk to find them work
That men may earn their bread,
And now they've got a little plot
To tax their food instead.

From day to day these actors play
A game of masks and faces;
They seem to smile but all the while
They're making sour grimaces.

"Far-seeing" statesmen true we've got,
Their vision loves to roam;
For distant skies they've eager eyes
But scarce a glance for home.

These German Reparations still
We're told are "in the air";
That's very true—it strikes us too
They always will be there!

SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

IN any business except the business of government, Lord Curzon would have been sacked, pensionless, twenty times over since he became Foreign Secretary. Our recent foreign policy has been the surprise and mortification of every Briton not qualifying for permanent incarceration as a hopeless lunatic. It has disgusted the neutral nations, puzzled our former foes, infuriated our one-time friends, and made us the laughing-stock of two hemispheres. Not a bad record if you think it over. Certainly unsurpassed in our own history. And largely the work of a fatuous aristocrat who, at stated intervals, has done his best to make old England what she isn't.

LORD CURZON is a man of method. But there's a dangerous madness in his method. For it is a method peculiar to himself and incomprehensible to anyone who has not had the disadvantage of his advantages of birth and early training. Briefly, his method in matters diplomatic is to state his case and leave it to the good taste of everyone else to agree with him. If they don't agree with him they are simply guilty of bad taste. If they do agree with him, he is charming enough to smile encouragement upon their acquiescence, and condescending enough to intimate that the world may continue to revolve upon its axis. In all cases it must be clearly understood that the earth is his lordship's and the fulness thereof, and that its inhabitants—necessary encumbrances—must be made to suit his inconvenience. Those of the inferior species (*i.e.*, the non-Curzon species) who do not kow-tow in a manner suitable to his dignity are brushed aside and made to feel that the great nobleman is no longer "aware of their existence"—though, by some unaccountable oversight on the part of the Almighty, they still continue to breathe!

The fact that thousands of unemployed in this country could have as much work as they want during the coming winter if we patched up a commercial agreement with Russia is utterly insignificant when compared with the startling and outrageous fact that a Soviet emissary did not lick the boots of Lord Curzon. No licked boots, no commercial agreement! Botheration take the country! European settlement be damned! Unemployment be blowed! *Sacred boots must be licked!*

"THIS is how I lick them!" screams Mr. Soviet Emissary—and he stamps violently on the famous Curzon corns. Then he dashes off and takes his offer of employment for thousands of men elsewhere. The Foreign Secretary sulks; and

Lord Curzon

finally consoles himself with the composition of flowery speeches, which tell the world nothing in a very roundabout fashion.

STARTING life as one of the chosen race, continuing it as the social darling of his day, and consummating it at Calcutta (when his boots shone like mirrors with the attentions paid to them)—it is not at all wonderful that Lord Curzon is supremely unfitted for his present post. And it is enough to turn the hair of every responsible citizen snow-white when he reflects that, but for the grace of God, his lordship might have been Prime Minister!

DOG ROW AND POLITICS—but no Stampeding

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

THE British—anyway as represented in the East End of London—are a very remarkable people. You would notice that the other Sunday morning, in Dog Row, otherwise the Sabbath street market for live-stock off the Bethnal Green Road, there was what the newspapers describe as "a mad stampede for life."

Thousands of East End Britons assembled together for the peaceful purchase and sale of puppies, fat hens, canaries, parrots, linnets, love birds, tortoises, etc., etc., suddenly found their chaffering disturbed by a series of sharp explosions, which sounded like gun fire, and immediate shouts of "Revolvers!" "Revolution!" "Somebody's shooting!" and even "Earthquake!"

HAVING read on the 'buses about "Safety first," and conceiving doubtless that the best safety lies in running, all parties forthwith dropped their fat hens and made a rush for it.

Old people, young children, we are told, were trampled underfoot, stalls were smashed to splinters, hundreds of canaries on sale in the roadway were stamped to death; scores of dogs were pounded lifeless. A torrent of wild-eyed, fear-crazed persons swept through street after street, stamping down everything in front of them. Then a policeman raised his hand and called "Stop!"

Whereupon "there was calm again."

Think of it! Unwonted noises impinging upon minds more or less prepared for social upheavel or terrestrial disaster produce a panic amounting to frenzy. There is a stampede which steam rollers might have hesitated to encounter. The familiar hand of the Law uplifts itself. The familiar voice of Constable Whatshisname says, "Nah then, where are you coming to?" or in plain terms "Stop!"—and once more order prevails.

AND if you desire a glimpse of the real insides of life think of this: "A man selling necktics was bundled off his stand. He rose, buffeted and bruised, and found his stall in splinters. But his 500 ties had vanished."

In the midst of panic we retain our hooks if not our heads! Will there be a new vendor of ties in Dog Row next Sunday? Or will the rank and fashion of the district be sporting nefariously obtained neck joy?

Well, it seems that after due and careful inquiry the police have come to the conclusion that the stampede of Dog Row was due to a fracas between a couple of rival crown-and-anchor-board merchants, plus the back-firing of a motor-car which happened to be standing at a convenient corner at the time. The crown-and-anchor-board merchants have been "brought before the magistrates" and a policeman has borne witness that "people in the crowd often put money on the board, and did not get anything if they won." Somehow I find myself unable to indulge any sort of profound dislike for crown-and-anchor-board men. They remind me of certain of our rival politicians. "Here is the Crown, otherwise my brand of government," cry the politicians, "and here is the Anchor, otherwise my brand of government again. Put your money on 'em and secure peace, prosperity, reform and everything you would like for self, wife and nippers." We put our money on, yet somehow we don't seem to win. It has been so over quite a few matters.

AS for the poor old back-firer or motor-car, we have it at every street corner, not to say most of the dangerous crossings, in the shape of what is pleasantly called the Press. And it backfires like billy-oh.

Just now there is a bit of an argument on as to the merits of the Crown and Anchor policies of the late lamented Mr. Lloyd George, and lordy how the pick of the newspapers backfire! "Earthquake" isn't in it with what you might think is going to happen according to the backfirers.

However, I don't suppose they will succeed in stampeding the British public.

Not all of us come from Dog Row—and if we want new ties, well, they happen to be simply ties with the Empire.

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents sending stamped addressed envelopes are answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient general interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings has been sent to each of the writers of the first five letters printed on this page.

Sins of the Fathers

"I HAVE a friend, a very pretty woman, and from the first meeting I could see she had some trouble. The other day she came to me and laid bare her heart. She told me her mother and sister both died in a madhouse through drinking strong liquor.

"She says the curse has been in the family from generation after generation on her mother's side and she feels sure that the curse is falling on her.

"She sometimes feels she must have some brandy, and says she tries to fight down the dreadful craving. She dare not pass a public-house, and what makes it worse she has fallen in love with a very good man, a farmer, and he has asked her to be his wife.

"What answer can she or ought she to give him? Her father died with a broken heart through the mother's curse. It seems very hard that such a thing should go through a family like that, for she is by outward appearance everything anyone could wish for.

"Please advise me and tell me what I can do to save her."

"Humanist" says:—*Your friend is probably worrying unnecessarily. Let her marry her farmer fiancé: he will stand by her and protect her. If we all failed at the thought of our ancestors, who would fight the battle of life to success?*

The Rector's Dilemma

"MY income is mainly dependent upon tithes. Owing to the condition of agriculture I am unable to get these in. They are owing from several of my parishioners, and to County Court these people would be to seriously injure my work in the parish of which I am rector. In fact, it would make my life a burden. Several of the farmers are, I know, on the verge of bankruptcy, and any action of the kind on my part might precipitate their application to the Court. I do not want this.

"On the other hand I am getting into debt myself and have no means of raising money, or meeting immediate bills which have to be paid. I believe that with patience I shall eventually get the money. The banks refuse to accept tithes as security, and yet demand that my overdraft shall be paid.

"What can I do? I have no 'people' to whom I can go. Must I force these poor farmers at such a juncture, or can I discover any generous person who will help over the crisis? Where are such to be found?

"It is rather an awkward position. My humanitarian instincts forbid me to enforce the law, and my desire not to injure the Church by action that will be misinterpreted says that I ought to wait, but my obvious duty to my creditors says that I ought at any cost to get the money.

"Meanwhile I am paying income tax on money that I shall not see for some time, and interest on a bank overdraft, when it is unfair that I should be doing either. I have no friends I can ask to provide personal security except local ones, and that would be a most dangerous thing for a man in my position to attempt

"What do you say? To whom can I go? What should I do?"

"Humanist" says:—*I cannot advise you to make enemies with your parishioners by suing them. Consult your bishop: it is clearly a matter for the ecclesiastical authorities.*

Back from the Dead

"WHEN war broke out I married. The brief honeymoon over, I left for the depot and later was moved to Belgium. Here I had served for two weeks when I was captured by Uhlans and sent back with other unfortunate prisoners to the Fatherland.

"I was put on agricultural work in Bavaria, and after twelve months of that I was transferred to the Russian front and set to trench digging before the Russian lines.

"Here there happened the incident which has totally marred my happiness and spoilt my life for ever. A shell bursting near severely wounded me in the face, and as I lay unconscious on the ground an advance by the Russians resulted in me becoming a captive in their hands.

"My nationality was soon discovered in the rough hospital to which I was taken, but despite the crude attention I received from our then allies, the wounds in my face left awful disfiguring marks. So distraught was I with the sight I presented in the mirror that I vowed I should remain as dead to the people at home and the wife I worship.

"I never, for a long time, attempted to leave Russia, in spite of the fact that I experienced all the horrors of the Bolshevik and Soviet regime. My decision held firm till January of this year when, prompted by a natural craving to see the folk I love, I returned to my native town.

"I am now as a stranger living and working near my old home. People look on my disfigurement with horror. My wife does not recognise me and I have given no sign that I know her. She is now married again and appears very happy with her 'husband' and two children.

"What should I do, dear Humanist? I am but human, and soon I must speak out and protest against another man enjoying the love which I know by right is mine. Yet I dread the consequences of such an action and fear that my wife will regard with repulsion a horror such as I am."

"Humanist" says:—*You are one of the tragedies of the war. But you cannot compel love, even though you are entitled to it. If I were you I should go elsewhere and try to forget.*

A Scheming Husband

"AS a girl of 13, I was troubled with hereditary taint and was sent to a home for a period of six months. Since then I have never been afflicted, and consider myself as sound in mind as the best. Two years ago I was left a widow with a young son of six years and had £30,000 left to me by my dead husband. A year passed by and I met and married a widower with a boy of the same age as my son.

"He proved a very desirable partner for the first six months, but after that period had elapsed, and after he had cajoled me into putting my banking account in our joint name, his real character was revealed. He has shown that it was not me that he wanted, but my money.

"He has ill-treated me both by physical violence and by mean sneering taunts and false accusations. When he has raised me to a state of hysterics he has called in the neighbours to witness my condition and assumed an air of concern about the state of my mind.

"He knows, of course, all the facts of my unfortunate history and that of my family, and the other day he brazenly laid bare his plans. He intends to have me placed in an institution for mental defectives, so that he can have full play with my money and also rid himself of my undesirable presence.

"He never drinks or gambles, but on the other hand is a regular church attender and a respectable townsman. My state of mind, I assert, is unquestionably sound."

"Humanist" says:—*Consult a solicitor, asking him to make an application to get your money transferred to trustees who will hold it for your use and benefit. Your husband will then have no object in depriving you of your liberty.*

Widowers as Husbands

"ENGAGED to a widower who is five years older than myself, I am 27, so from the age point of view I consider that we are very evenly matched. Our ideas in general, too, are much the same regarding married life.

"But this is the real point. Some people say widowers don't make good husbands. They are so hard to please, and several of my friends tell me I shall find it a harder problem than I anticipate trying to fill another woman's shoes.

"Can you tell me, Humanist, why a man who has had the misfortune to lose one wife should be compelled to live a life of loneliness when there is a possibility of living a life of happiness? My idea is to live in the future and not the past."

"Humanist" says:—*I think you are a very wise woman—to think of the future and forget the past. Widowers, as husbands, are very like bachelors—only a little more experienced.*

Fear of Insanity.

"I know I am going mad. My poor head is aching all day, my eyes can't see things in their proper perspective, and my hands tremble. Now my lips have started twitching. I dread to sleep in fear of waking up in an asylum."

Work hard. That is the only cure for trouble of this kind. Think less of yourself and more of others.

A Matter of Money.

"I am twenty-two. When I am thirty I shall get £5,000 under my father's will. I can sell my interest now to a friend for £1,400 ready money. He cannot give any more. Should I sell? I am frightfully hard up."

There is nothing to stop you from selling. But from a business point of view the transaction would be absurd—for you. Why, if you are pressed, do you not see your banker? He might make you a better and more suitable proposition.

A Tired Woman.

"A man I know, whose wife is the daughter of Lord —— is dying of a dread disease. He has lived a good life, and always been a true and honourable husband. But his wife is tiring of his hopeless condition and is arranging to leave him. If she goes he will, I am sure, die from shock. If she stays he may live on for years. Can I do anything?"

Her duty is plain: to stay by her husband. You can't make her do it; nobody can. But you can send her a marked copy of this paper and ask her to be a true woman.

The Dancing Partner.

"I am fond of dancing, but whenever I find a partner whose steps suit mine, he immediately wants to develop the relationship, and suggests cinemas, walks in the park, etc., instead of dancing. This has happened several times, and in each case I am only interested in the man as a dance partner. Is there no alternative but to give up dancing?"

No. Change your partner until you find one that suits you as a friend, not merely as a dancing partner. Mr. Right will come along—but he won't come any quicker if you begin to worry.

Father's Debts.

"My father, a widower, died four years ago, an undischarged bankrupt. His principal creditors, however, were relatives, all of them well-to-do. My sister and I are self-supporting, and help to maintain an invalid sister. A so-called friend of the family has just told me that it is our bounden duty to pay our father's debts. Is this so? We never see or hear from our rich relatives, but the matter is worrying me."

You have neither moral nor legal responsibility. Ask your rich relatives if they advanced money to your father on the security of his daughter's wages. The demand is preposterous.

Career of a Woman.

"During the war I worked for six years in a West End office, but had to resign the post most reluctantly in 1921, as my people thought it was time I came to live at home. I have tried my best but cannot become resigned to the loss of my work. I recently received a most tempting offer. My father is perfectly able to keep me, and in view of the amount of unemployment to-day, am I, in your opinion, justified in accepting the offer I have received?"

I do not think your father has any right to deprive you of a career. If you are not blacklegging in the matter of wages, I think you can take the post. But don't undersell your competitors.

Dress-Suit Criminals

by PETT RIDGE

IS crime restricted to one class of people—the poor? This article, written by a man who has unique opportunities for observation, is an emphatic repudiation of such a suggestion. He makes the startling statement that for every vice possessed by the East End, the West End can show not only two—but more! Can this assertion be refuted?

CRIME is ever an absorbing topic to folk who lead an ordinary and a serene existence; there is something of the wonder that can be noted on features of the comfortably seated who watch the movements of a trapeze performer. "What a nerve!" murmur the spectators. Few desire to emulate, and there is no sensation of envy. Sheer amazement provides the thrill. And this is why, now and again, folk line up in Newgate Street on the chance of being allowed to enter a court at the Old Bailey, where, perched high and almost out of hearing, they can look down in perfect discomfort at the laborious proceedings of some criminal inquiry.

This is why Mr. Under-Sheriff enjoys with ladies of fashion a temporary popularity. This, too, is why certain weekly journals, devoting themselves to full reports of instances where folk have erred from their ways like lost sheep, achieve a circulation that has never been reached, in country villages, by the *Spectator* or the *Primitive Methodist Leader*.

The astonishing detail, so far as my own observation goes, is the change which has taken place in the criminal areas. Sometimes the occurrence has been easy of explanation. The district of which Arthur Morrison wrote in *A Child of the Jago* was cleared by the London County Council; model dwellings were set up and, it may be mentioned, they are, for the great part, now inhabited by alien immigrants.

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THE former occupiers moved, almost as a swarm of bees goes, from Shoreditch to the neighbourhood of Plaistow. That was an exceptional instance. It is more striking to discover that the law-breaker has gradually left the East of London, and taken up residence either in the suburbs or in the West End. The time may come when Mr. Clarke Hall at Old Street owns more pairs of white gloves than he can possibly wear in a lifetime, and when Marlborough Street magistrates retire early from overwork.

Certain of the old-fashioned breakers of the law still exist in the East End. As an Unofficial Visitor, appointed by the Home Office to one of His Majesty's prisons in London, I find that the East has not entirely given over the habit of assaulting a policeman. Old traditions die hard.

It may be that the Robertsons (say) of Treadway Street, Old Bethnal Green Road, have always made a point, when in a state of exasperation, of punching a constable, and members of the family, out of regard for their ancestors, keep up the habit, and take the fourteen weeks served out as punishment, with calm and resignation.

The East still looks on an unattended bicycle much as some gentleman in Pall Mall clubs regard an umbrella. The East may experiment in larceny and it renders itself liable, at times, to find its three months' card in prison endorsed "R. V. Loitering." But if you want to discover criminal ingenuity, scheming, and a cunning defiance of the rules, you must go West.

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THE Medical Adviser to the Home Office said the other evening that addiction to drugs was rare amongst the working and the professional classes. So far as work-people are concerned, he might have been more emphatic; with them it simply does not exist. True, some of the noxious drugs are imported through the docks, but the East End gets rid of them with all convenient despatch, and they soon reach the neighbourhood of Shaftesbury Avenue.

The vendors seldom have the excuse that the man has who takes a pair of boots. They are not, in the prison phrase, "Down and out!" They do it, eyes open, as a means of gaining large sums of money without the distress of manual labour. One, under my notice, has previously served six months for a similar offence and he is now doing two sentences of twelve months, running concurrently, for being in possession of cocaine, and for attempting to sell it.

I remarked on his good health. "That," he said elaborately, "can be attributed to the fact that I have a cheerful disposition, and also to the fortunate circumstance that I myself never took any of the noxious stuff!"

I feel sure he is looking forward eagerly to his release, and the opportunity of engaging once more in the risky business.

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IT may be natural that cases of obtaining money or goods by false pretences should happen almost exclusively in the West, for it is there that money can be secured in this way. The appalling discovery is that so many youths—well born and, it may be assumed, well brought up—never entertain the idea of earning a living.

They go from hotel to boarding-house, and from boarding-house to hotel, swindling the proprietors, and taking jewellery whenever the opportunity comes.

Bayswater is crowded with them. Some never leave Kensington until the officer from New Scotland Yard appears. Mayfair has their acquaintance, and I have seen them, ere now, in the lounge at Claridge's. They rely a good deal on their tailor, their hatter is by way of being an artist, and their methods of speech are entirely admirable.

They appear to command the love of women (especially women who have reached maturity) with all the ease and rapidity that is found in comedy or in short stories. And they are amongst the most despicable characters to be found on God's earth. If I believed in the efficacy of long punishment, I should urge that the longest might be handed out to these.

In prison cells some hard-up youth will make a short announcement: "No relatives, and never had no friends!"

The young swindler of the West End has no such excuse. If he happens, at the moment, to be without close and helpful acquaintances it is because he has worn down their patience, and their good nature, to the vanishing-point.

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LIVING on the immoral earnings of a woman is a monopoly of the West End. The man concerned invariably talks with the accent of a good education; he speaks of "a most terrible misunderstanding," and generally complains of having been shamefully let down by his solicitors.

He mentions the names of distinguished relatives. He is ever sketching out a petition to the Home Office. The only types lower than this are the young men in prison for soliciting, and a detail that may be useful to scientific inquirers is that these, without exception, talk in a high, falsetto voice.

As to the comparatively minor offence of thieving, we need not assume that the defect is restricted to one sex. At a girls' school of high quality, and considerable ambition, the head mistress told me that her great anxiety was the continuous peculations by the students. (In Hoxton they name the complaint "sticky fingers.") She declared that, since the war, this habit had become so general that no pupil was now startled to find some article of property missing. The girls come of good families; they have no need to steal, but they do steal.

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ON the big liners, I am assured that on the journey from Southampton a very large extra stock of brass ash trays, and silver-plated spoons and forks has to be carried in a safe place, so that travellers on the home voyage may not find a diminished supply owing to the collecting habits of the outgoing first-class passengers.

As a wanderer about London for many years I have always had the sensation that in Chrisp Street, Poplar, my watch was safer than in crossing Oxford Circus.

I go often to Essex Street, Kingsland Road, where the numbers of the deplorable houses are chalked at the side of the open doors; I go to Twine Court, Cable Street, where the incredible dwellings are faced by a blank wall, and in coming away from there and other spots like them, my wonder is not that men who

PETT RIDGE.

The famous author who is an Unofficial Visitor, appointed by the Home Office, to one of the London prisons.

reside there sometimes break the rules laid down for the protection of society, but that, in such environments, they should ever do anything else.

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ALL the surroundings conspire to defeat cheerfulness. A tendency to feel aggrieved is easily nurtured. The children are young without being youthful. The women, at thirty, look aged, and they wear a tweed cap as a signal that efforts to become attractive have ceased. Small wonder that a moment comes when the man—"Fed up!" as he says—goes out in search of adventure that may lead to nothing more exciting than the tripping up of a constable.

It is the circumstances that are to be blamed, not the people themselves.

At a meeting, a few days ago, I said that for every vice possessed by the East, the West could show two. It was an under-statement. I need scarcely have been so cautious.

Here I want to remind the West End that there is no necessity and little excuse for regarding the East with anything like scorn or patronage.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. Sir MONTAGUE BARLOW, M.P., Minister of Labour.

SIR,—You do not seem to realise that for the past months the public have been eagerly awaiting some statement from you on unemployment. And now with winter almost upon us, with the ranks of the out-of-works being added to daily, with misery and starvation stalking the land, we are still waiting, and waiting (it seems) in vain. Man alive, can't you see the peril of this official apathy? Can't you stir yourself, and stir some of the sluggards under you? You must be aware of the many schemes that would absorb almost all our unemployed, yet nothing is being done to see them under way. Do something *now*—before it is too late. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Major G. C. TRYON, M.P., Minister of Pensions.

SIR,—It is your duty and privilege to smooth the way of the war-broken soldiers, to see that they do not starve in a land fit for heroes. Harry Gleeson, an ex-soldier, is at present in the imbecile ward of Bucklow Workhouse, suffering from epilepsy. His pension has been stopped. He cannot even get a grant for a suit of clothes. Before the war he never lost a day's work through sickness or illness. His epilepsy was caused by a shrapnel wound in the back of the head. The Chairman of the Board of Guardians says the way this man has been treated is beyond belief. I agree.—JOHN BULL.

To Mr. FORBES LANKESTER, Magistrate, West London Police Court.

SIR,—When Frederick Bisell was charged before you with selling flowers and obstructing the roadway, you said some plain words to the police which I am delighted to endorse. Complaining that there was too much bullying by them, you said: "I think it is monstrous that these men who are earning honest livings should be treated like criminals." My sentiments exactly. I do not advocate wholesale obstruction of the traffic nor defiance of the law, but men who try to work should not be persecuted. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. T. J. MACNAMARA, M.P., House of Commons.

DEAR DOC.,—You are still shooting that particular line of "bull" which, if it isn't out of date even now, is dying a lingering death. You are against Socialism, you tell Camberwell people, because in the long run it would mean ruin to the country. I am with you there. I believe it would. But what you overlook is the fact that conditions in the country are so appalling under the present system that sooner or later the people will make an experiment on other lines of government. Whether this will take the form of Socialism it is yet too early to say, but it is only natural that humanity should show its abhorrence of existing conditions. The remedy lies in improving our national life until the cankering sores disappear. JOHN BULL.

THE SPHINX (1923)

CHORUS OF THE NEGLECTED: "Tell us, O Great Mystery, if we're likely to get a bit of news soon!"

To Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P., Minister of Health.

SIR,—Chaos, hopel ss chaos, is the outcome of the new Rent Act. Landlords and owner-occupiers are straining every nerve to secure full possession of houses, and hundreds of people are virtually being evicted every week. But what is worst of all is that the Courts have not interpreted the Act in the manner which you led the House to believe it would. You assured M.P's that Judges would consider the tenant's position and circumstances, instead of which I find they are saying that, in cases where the landlord "reasonably" requires the premises, the tenant has no defence. Can't you do something to see that the Act is properly interpreted? JOHN BULL.

To Dr. LUCIUS BUSH, M.D., Harley Street.

SIR,—I welcome you as another and powerful recruit on the side of justice and mercy to our school-children. For years this journal has waged a campaign against the butchery of children's throats at the instance of medical school inspectors, who are administrative officers, not specialists in surgery. You say ninety-eight per cent. of such operations are unnecessary. Stand your ground and save the children. England has need of men like you, JOHN BULL.

To the PRESIDENT, The Master-Bakers' Federation.

SIR,—I have the honour to draw your attention to the splendid action of Mr. Albert Williamson, President of the Sheffield Master Bakers' Association. He has resigned his position. Why? Because he could not agree to the shameless profiteering in the price of bread that is going on. We see the dread spectre of unemployment in our country—empty cupboards and cold hearths, anxious men, harassed women and underfed children. We see also the smug profiteers getting smugger and richer. What have your members to say? JOHN BULL.

To STUART DEACON, Esq., Stipendiary Magistrate, Liverpool.

SIR,—Richard John Lilly, an ex-servant of the Liverpool Corporation, was found guilty before you of deliberately robbing a woman, in what you described as "a downright swindle." Instead of sending him to jail, you let him go, as his passage was booked to Canada. A pretty compliment to Canada, indeed, and a piece of judicial nonsense in any case. If the thief and the swindler is to escape punishment by buying a steamship ticket with the proceeds of his fraud, it is possible that the shipping industry of Liverpool may flourish, but the law will certainly be called all the more an ass. JOHN BULL.

To Lieut.-General Sir T. L. N. MORLAND, K.C.B., G.O.C., Aldershot Command.

SIR,—Lance-Corporal Dearnley, of the Leicestershire Regiment, serving under your command, is on trial for his life. The charge against him is of murdering a comrade. By the law of the land every man is innocent until he is found guilty; under the King's Regulations every serving soldier, in jeopardy of his life, is entitled to the best legal defence. See that he gets it. Innocent or guilty, he is under your care. Whatever the verdict, it must command the fullest confidence. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. H. O. CAVALIER, Rector of Great Brington, Northampton.

SIR,—What on all the earth do you mean by decreeing that artificial wreaths and globes must be removed at once from your churchyard? You will not allow them to be replaced, you say, unless a fee of ten guineas is paid! I am not surprised that considerable feeling has been aroused in the village. Do you forget that people think very tenderly of their departed relatives and that these wreaths are there as a memorial? Your order must be rescinded. JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

NO FOOD TAXES, THANK YOU!

Tongue-tied Ministry

ONLY a thought-reader could successfully follow the foreign policy of the present Government—assuming, of course, that it has a policy, which we take leave to doubt.

What is the exact position as regards the Ruhr occupation? What is taking place between Lord Curzon and M. Poincaré? How much is Germany going to pay and when?

Apparently we are waiting for France and France is waiting for us, while Germany drifts towards revolution and our unemployed millions go on starving. As between the British Foreign Secretary and the French Premier it is the childish game of "I shan't speak till you do"—an exhibition of sorry fooling of which the nation is heartily tired.

Until the reparations question is settled nothing else can be settled; we cannot collect our debts or rebuild our trade, and there can be no lightening of the burden of taxation.

It is not consonant with British dignity or, indeed, with our material interests, humbly to wait for a lead from France. It is the business of the British Government to know its mind.

If joint action with France is out of the question, then surely we have the right and the duty to act for ourselves.

We must ascertain what Germany can pay us and take steps to collect it. Whatever may have happened to Mr. Baldwin, the British people are not hypnotised by M. Poincaré. They demand prompt action to end an intolerable situation.

Sweepstake Tomfoolery

THE dry-as-dust lawyer will usually argue that sweepstakes are forbidden by the law of England. But are they?

For one thing it appears that if people can afford the privacy of club membership they may indulge their fancy for a "flutter" without much risk of interference from the law; but the poorer citizen who stakes his shilling in a more public fashion runs serious danger of being hauled up and fined.

The promoters of sweepstakes never know their luck. In one district the police may turn a blind eye to their operations, while a few miles away a precisely similar venture is visited with the sternest penalties.

It would be fairer all round if the Home Office would give a definite ruling on the matter defining the duties of the police and serving as a guide to the public. At present one promoter can steal the horse while another dare not so much as look over the gate.

This unequal operation of the law is stupid and slovenly; moreover it is entirely alien to the spirit of British justice.

A Madness without Method in It

OUR people have been hit badly enough without the added burden of a tax on food—which is the inevitable outcome of the policy of Imperial Preference at present being advocated by the Dominion Premiers.

THE assembled Prime Ministers had better understand at once that the people of Great Britain will not tolerate taxes upon food. Let Mr. Baldwin make no mistake. The British Government which proposes to tax food will come down with a crash.

The electors, and especially the women voters, will not have it. And for very good reasons. Just as the thrifty housewife in these hard times takes care to make her purchases at the cheapest shops, so as a nation we must retain the liberty to buy in the cheapest market.

The Dominion Premiers are asking more than we can give. Only one result can follow from the policy of Imperial Preference advocated at the Economic Conference—an all-round increase in the cost of living.

The policy is meant to have this result. Meat from the Argentine and wheat from the United States is to be made dearer by means of a customs duty at British ports in order that meat from Australia and wheat from Canada may fetch a bigger price.

What madness is it which proposes such a charge at a time when tens of thousands of British workers are on short time and short commons, while more than a million others are eking out an existence on the exiguous dole?

THE paltry preference on dried fruits offered last week by the President of the Board of Trade is, of course, mere window-dressing. It is welcomed by the Dominion Premiers as a first instalment of Imperial Preference, and, like Oliver Twist, they are already asking for more.

They cannot have it; not because we are lacking in the sentiment of Imperial unity or in respect for the Dominions, but because our people are starving.

A food tax is no sort of remedy for a famine. In this matter Great Britain, which contains considerably more than half the white population of the British Empire, has a right to speak for herself. Our paramount need is to get our work-people back into steady employment. If once we embark upon a policy of fiscal reform which involves the taxation of food we may say good-bye to this hope for the present generation.

Costlier living means dearer production, and dearer production means inability to compete in foreign markets, and the final extinction of that overseas trade without which we cannot feed our people.

THE more money the wage-earner is compelled to spend on food the less he can afford to spend upon manufactured articles, and the less work there will be for those who make them. No amount of high-falutin Imperial sentiment can dispose of these stern economic facts.

If it is possible to stimulate trade within the Empire without food taxes, well and good, but it is hard to see what useful "preference" can be given to the Dominions without taxes on corn and meat.

Let us know where we are going. Until now the taxation of food for any purpose has been ruled out of practical politics in this country, not by one party, but by all.

If Mr. Baldwin in times like these contemplates any such folly, we must prepare to lay a wreath upon his political tomb.

A Millionaire Found

WE desire to express our sincere thanks to Baron Henri de Rothschild for the prompt and generous answer he has given to the question we put in these columns less than two months ago.

We told the story of Doctor Spahlinger, the famous Swiss man of science, whose brilliant discoveries hold out the hope that consumption, the great white scourge of mankind, may be subjugated in this our generation.

We told how Spahlinger had sacrificed his own private fortune to develop his serum so that he might have enough to supply the hospitals of the world.

We told how financiers had approached him, offering to make him a man of enormous wealth if he would allow them to exploit his discovery and turn it into a commercial and dividend-earning affair. He refused and diverted himself to sacrifice and poverty that others might benefit.

We asked if there were no millionaire who would seek out Spahlinger and help him in his great mission to relieve the long agony of the consumptive victims' ordeal.

Baron de Rothschild has answered this appeal. He is coming to London to make financial arrangements to produce the Spahlinger remedy in adequate quantities for general use.

This action does him honour. We are proud that our suggestion has appealed to a man with imagination. And we are grateful that he has answered it so promptly.

Slate Clubs Frauds

AS often as the turn of the year comes round slate club members are a prey to anxiety. Are their deposits safe? Is the treasurer an honest man, or is it possible that before Christmas he will have committed suicide or bolted overseas?

The share-out principle upon which these Christmas clubs are conducted is quite a sound one provided everyone is honest.

Every year brings its toll of prosecutions, but to send the thief to jail does not recompense his victims. It is necessary to prevent fraud, not simply to punish it.

As we have so often contended, there will be no real security for members of slate clubs until these societies are subject to some form of State control, and as a first stage they should at least be compelled to file particulars with the Registrar of Friendly Societies, and to abide by such rules as may be devised for the protection of their members.

If an Act of Parliament is necessary for this purpose it should be assured of the support of all parties in the House of Commons.

The Rothermere Press Menace

by A. G. GARDINER

THE news that many of our important newspapers are passing into the hands and control of one man is disquieting. A monopoly like this is one of the most sinister kind. It means the dictatorship of a man not elected by the people.

Lord Rothermere, the man behind the "Hats Off" Press, who is about to gain control of many more newspapers.

A CORRESPONDENT asks me, in view of the sensational development in the Press monopoly, to deal with the nature of the menace of a one-man control of the Press. As to the development itself, it is now definitely announced that the great Hulton interest has been absorbed by Lord Rothermere. He is taking over the bulk of the publications printed in Manchester and London—which include morning, evening and weekly papers—leaving the solitary *Evening Standard* to Lord Beaverbrook.

WHAT we are witnessing now is an enormous stride in the direction of the concentration of the power of the Press into a single control. Is that more harmful, you may ask, than any other monopoly? Lord Leverhulme, for example, has established a practical monopoly in the manufacture of soap, and I am not prepared to say that the public are losers in consequence. They may be gainers. They may get cheaper soap and better soap than they got before. I do not know. But a monopoly in soap, or oil, or any other commodity, whether good or bad, is an entirely different thing from a monopoly of the Press. When I wash myself with Lord Leverhulme's soap in the morning, I do not become infected with his political views. I do not go about saying what he wants me to say and thinking what he wants me to think.

BUT a monopoly of the Press is a monopoly of the greatest power in the State. It is the personal control of public opinion. The fundamental interest of a free, self-governing society is that it should arrive at its own conclusions on public affairs in the light of the facts, and of its own judgment on these facts. The function of the Press is to supply the public with the facts honestly, and to leave it to form its own opinions. If it pollutes its news, suppresses facts that it is vital the public should know, and does this with the deliberate intention of making the public act in a given way, it becomes the greatest enemy that democracy has to face.

In the past the evil did not exist. The Press was in a multitude of hands. Its power was dispersed and localised, and even if it had wanted to fake the news the conditions made it impossible to do so. Public opinion was free and independent.

To-day all this is changed. Public opinion is being manufactured at one central station and broadcast over the land through a hundred megaphones all speaking with one voice. The cottar in the Hebrides hears the same message as the fisherman in Cornwall, and the miner in Durham, and the cotton weaver in Lancashire. Behind this vast machine there is the authority of a single man working through a thousand instruments which repeat his message, give the news which he instructs them to give and suppress the news which does not fit in with his purpose.

By this means public opinion becomes not the true expression of the public mind, but the echo of the mind behind the machine which sets his gramophones droning out the tune he intends the public to dance to.

This is the negation of democracy. It is a dictatorship of the most sinister kind—the dictatorship of a man who has not been elected by the public and cannot be deposed by the public, who is unknown to the public in person, works secretly behind the scenes, is never called to account, whose private interests in a policy cannot be examined and whose fitness for dictatorship is subject to no test.

His power comes from no public service he has done and from no qualities of mind or character that he possesses. It comes simply from the fact that he has a certain acquisitive genius which he has applied to getting a monopoly of the organs of public opinion as another man may apply it to getting possession of the monopoly of soap or coal or pig-iron. He may be a reputable person or a disreputable person, an honest man or a dishonest man. The public has no possibility of knowing, for he keeps carefully out of sight.

IN the case of Lord Rothermere, he is so careful about keeping out of sight, that though he has had a seat in the House of Lords for ten years or so he has, I believe, never lifted his voice in that Chamber. He prefers to burrow in secret and to attain his ends by saturating the public mind with the daily dope that he distils into millions of homes.

This irresponsible power has swollen to such dimensions that it is challenging the constitution and Parliamentary Government. It aims at making the ministers of the Crown the obedient lackeys of the secret dictator or else setting the mob against them to tear them to pieces. What can a Prime Minister do against a power that has daily access to half the households in the land, that can misrepresent him, hold him up to contempt, suppress his case and prejudice the public mind? He cannot argue with an enemy who is as impalpable as the wind and who penetrates every keyhole in the country. Mr. Lloyd George was all-powerful while he was "run" by the Press dictator, and he fell when his master deserted him.

THE present Government has been paralysed by this secret power. Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Baldwin in turn have sought to stem the tide of Poincaré's madness. They have both failed. They have been humiliated as no Prime Minister of this country has been humiliated before in living memory. Poincaré has snapped his fingers at them. He has put their protests and the appeals in his pocket and has hardly troubled to answer them. Why? Because the secret dictator of this country has turned his vast engine of publicity into a Poincaré agency. And Mr. Baldwin has been reduced to impotence and the country to a thing of derision in Europe.

Do not let there be any mistake about the meaning of this. It is Fascism in the bud. If Parliament cannot rule, the mob will rule. Or rather the secret dictator who controls the mob will rule. The capture of the Hulton Press brings the menace nearer by increasing still more the dictator's power.

Is there a remedy? I suggest one which should go far to check the evil. The sale of bad news should be made as punishable as the sale of bad fish. Further, I should like to see the House of Lords summon its elusive member to defend his antics in public. The result would be surprising. The public would be astonished to find how easily this poison-gas bubble can be pricked.

Pushed Out of Busine

"If we cannot succeed in settling this problem of unemployment, it will assuredly settle us."

Sir Montague Barlow, Minister of Labour.

WHY did we win the war? Because the whole nation was united in grim and unshakable resolve to win it, regardless of sacrifice in blood or treasure. "Then none was for a party; then all were for the State." To-day we are up against an equally urgent peril in the unemployed problem, and, to overcome it we need to get back to the spirit that inspired us in 1914.

This winter will see nearly two millions of more or less skilled artisans, the precious props and pillars of Britain's old industrial supremacy, fretting, suffering, rotting in enforced idleness. Fully four millions will be sucking the substance of the remainder for their sustenance. On the Clyde, the Wear, the Tees, and in Belfast Lough, the mighty shipbuilding yards, the wonder of the world, stand silent and desolate. In Lancashire and Yorkshire vast factories are closed. In the North and Midlands furnaces are extinguished.

Hundreds and thousands of willing, capable workers, stand at the street corners of our industrial towns, with idle hands in empty pockets, eager for jobs that never come, wasting and forgetting the cunning of their trades.

Go to Australia House and you will see a horde of men, some in silk hats and morning-coats, others in rags and leaky boots, clamouring for assisted passages to our great Dominion overseas; the fit and efficient craftsmen, the pick of our working classes, are taken; the unhappy duds remain at home. If we cannot succeed in settling this problem it will assuredly settle us.

In France, as Mr. McCurdy lately told us, there are no unemployed, and the output of the factories is only limited by the difficulty of finding labour. Wages, including those of the agricultural labourers, are three to four times as much as before the war.

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Give Your M.P. the Sack!

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(*Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.*)

WE grumble at our politicians who promised a wonderful future when they were elected. We grouse at the system, the Shibboleths and the sins of Party. Yet we ourselves are responsible for the sorry mess by retaining servants who are hopelessly inefficient.

A LETTER reaches me from A. C. H. He agrees that the majority of working-people are not interested in politics; but calls me over the coals, very reasonably and politely, for not tracing their apathy, which he acknowledges and deplores, to its cause.

One of his sentences will show the line of his thought; I commend it to politicians who regard the House of Commons as "the best club in London." He says: "At election time all parties promise a new heaven, but the same sort of hell prevails." He argues that democracy is uninterested in politics because it is sick of politicians. Democracy does not live in the best club in London; it lives in "the same old hell."

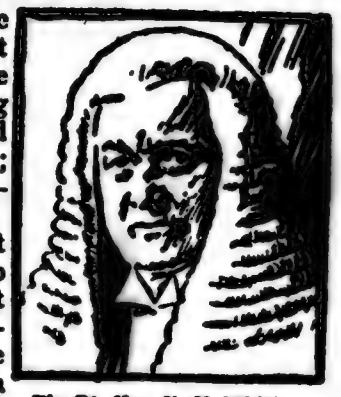
I venture to think that this argument will not pass muster. Presently I will submit it to a brief scrutiny, not for the idle purpose of confuting my correspondent, but in the hope that such a scrutiny may help to bring home to working people a due sense of their grave responsibilities. For the moment, however, let the politicians, and the managers of political parties, and all the wire-pullers, hangers-on, and toadying rascals of party caucuses, consider the general charge of A. C. H.—the charge that unhappy and depressed people have lost faith in politicians.

TAKE notice, Honourable Member, that you are losing the faith of a great people, the greatest in the world. Beyond losing your soul alive, and even that loss may well be involved in the other, could you lose anything more solemn and precious? You are losing the faith of people whose confidence you invited, in whose service you professed your willingness to labour, and for whose sufferings you claimed to possess the remedy. You have become to these people an object of suspicion. For many of them you are an object of contempt.

Reflect on this knowledge as you lounge about the lobbies and loll on the green benches bored by debate. Recall your speeches to workmen at the dinner hour; ask your wife what she said to slum mothers. Make no doubt about it, the poor, the suffering, the sorrowful, regard you as a humbug, a common cheat, an impostor. What a fate for an Honourable Gentleman who aspires to be even a Right Honourable Gentleman; what a fall for one who professed to know; what an ignominy for one who presumed to lead!

HOW many Members of Parliament realise that in the eyes of many of their constituents, heroic people superbly bearing grievous and even crushing burdens of sorrow, they are looked upon as no better than vendors of quack medicines, welshers of the racecourse, card-sharpers of the railway train? They may resent the suggestion. They may protest their sincerity till they are blue in the face. But the fact remains, like the old hell which they suavely affirmed should be swallowed up in the new heaven of their election addresses. In the eyes of multitudes who fought and suffered for their country, these fine gentlemen at Westminster are crimps living on the wrongs of the people, and they cut much the same contemptuous figure as Chadband and Stiggins cut in the pages of Charles Dickens. They are humbugs and hypocrites.

Soon after the war I urged a great Liberal statesman, whom I found in the company of men some of whom I would not admit into my home, to take a line which he himself admitted was right, just, and sane. But in the end he turned to a Cabinet colleague and asked him what the constituencies were saying. The answer was against me. "There," said the statesman, swinging round on me as if God Himself had spoken; "you hear what ——— says!"



The Rt. Hon. J. H. Whitley, Speaker of the House of Commons, who could, if he would, name the black sheep.

Early in this present year I suggested to one of the most honest leaders of the Conservative Party that he should tell the nation the full truth about a very perilous situation. He said that no one would listen to him. "The working-classes," he argued, "would never stand it."

Now I ask A. C. H. two questions. Suppose he has a child suffering frightful pain, lying at death's door; and suppose the doctor, who has thrust his services on the child, protesting his ability to make a cure, only adds to the child's sufferings; would A. C. H. be content to say, "This man is a charlatan"? Would he not rather move heaven and earth to find an honest and competent physician?

Or suppose that on entering the railway carriage of an express train he was told by a fellow-passenger that the engine-driver knew nothing about locomotives and was one of the stupidest and most dangerous blunderers that ever breathed; would A. C. H. keep his seat, light his pipe, open his paper, and—wait for the bump?

POLITICIANS are humbugs and incompetent nincompoops only because democracy is not alert. If democracy were alert, if it were intelligent, if it were earnest, politicians such as these could not exist, any more than quacks, rogues, and impostors can exist in the Royal Society. I go into houses of well-off people where everything is in disorder, and into cottages of poor people where everything is beautifully kept. Whence the difference? From the mother. But the politician is not the wife of a constituency, taken for better or for worse. He is its servant. If a bad servant, how is it he was ever engaged, how is it he is still kept?

The democracy of Britain is not the population of the Ruhr. It can give orders that there shall be no oppressors. It does not need to be on its guard against quacks and rogues; it can make it impossible for quacks and rogues to exist. Democracy is not merely free to choose its own leaders; it can decide where those leaders shall take it. In this country democracy pays the piper and calls the tune.

A. C. H. asks me to "blaze a trail." Here it is. Democracy, think hard! Put away childish things; have done with things which bring you no peace and satisfy no longing of the human soul; put these things far from you, realise your power, acknowledge your responsibility, and swing the whole force of your affections and your longings on the side of lifting this great nation out of "the same old hell."

What a disgrace for British Democracy to look to be saved, when it is capable of saving itself.

'ushed Out of Business

by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON

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How has this sensational, exasperating superiority to our abject state been achieved? Ports and docks have been enlarged, navigable rivers widened, canals cut, railways electrified, electric generating stations installed, factories rebuilt and equipped with the most modern appliances, and schemes are being prepared for utilising the power of streams and tides. Similar developments have taken place in the United States, with the result that the American worker has twice as much mechanical power as the British worker to increase and cheapen his output, and gets double the wages. Whilst our workers are stagnating on demoralising doles, our trade rivals are steadily pushing us out of business.

Yet there is plenty of work wants doing here. We too need electrified railways. It would save millions a year to our shipowners if the London River were straightened and access to the docks quickened. There are houses to be built, slums to be demolished. Industry needs cheap electric power. Our rulers are anxious to bridge over our divisions with France; well, the chief division is the Channel. Time was when military objections barred the making of a Tunnel; but in these days of aeroplanes and submarines, that reason no longer counts, while the other reasons—trade, time, comfort, convenience, mutual understanding—are countless. Why not get on with it?

The mouthing of ancient platitudes, lip service to time-worn dogmas, angry sacrifice of common-sense to Party advantage, excited eagerness to score debating points, will not help us in this emergency. The bigotry of dogma dwarfs the mind by shutting out inquiry: "Nothing can be more unphilosophical than to be positive or dogmatic on any subject," said Hume; "whenever men are most sure and arrogant, they are commonly most mistaken."

Mr. McCurdy, a Liberal Free-Trader, has set a good example by admitting that "two million men out of work will not be satisfied with vague talk of Liberal principles." That is the spirit in which the wisdom of the nation should grapple with the tremendous problem now facing us. If we leave it to the Party men we shall be undone.

How Conan Doyle was Tricked

CONTINUING his Spiritualism investigations, our contributor describes below one of the most amazing hoaxes ever perpetrated. Many of England's most notable men and women were deceived by a simple conjuring trick!

by SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

(Author of "An Amazing Seance," etc.)

Sir A. Conan Doyle.

TREMENDOUS interest has been aroused by the articles on Spiritualism that are appearing in JOHN BULL. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's article has called forth a challenge that cannot remain unanswered. Are his experiences true? Are they merely imagined, or has he permitted himself to be tricked? Let me put it in this way: Is it possible to accept without question the evidence which he and other prominent spiritualists offer for our acceptance?

In fairness to the readers of this journal, I am bound to tell this week of the greatest hoax ever perpetrated on a notable company of leading spiritualists and scientists. As a sensation it is without parallel in the history of Spiritualism. It is a clear case which demands a clear reply.

In the course of my investigation of the claims of Spiritualism I came across a woman medium who was alleged to possess extraordinary powers. Being of a sceptical turn of mind, I decided to let a committee of experts examine, with me, her astonishing claims. At my invitation, therefore, a number of prominent thinkers met at her house in London to decide if certain phenomena, said to be presented through the mediumship of this woman, were actually occasioned by spirits of the departed. Among a distinguished company was the following: Lady Glenconner (now Lady Grey), Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Sir Henry Lunn, Dr. Wyn Westcott (the Coroner), Dr. Edwin Smith (now Coroner at East London), Supt. Thomas of Scotland Yard, and the Editors of the various leading organs on Spiritualism.

Members of the audience were invited to place in a bag of black cloth personal articles that once belonged to relatives or friends who had passed over.

Sir Arthur put in the bag a small memento, Sir Henry Lunn a fountain-pen, and a pronounced sceptic, whose name I forget, put in a specially sealed packet containing a letter from a soldier who was killed. Nearly everybody else present put in an article with a view to making as severe a test as possible of the medium's spiritualistic powers. Then the medium, who was blindfolded, was brought in. She was a frail, æsthetic-looking woman, who seemed to realise that this was to be a great ordeal for her. At once she sensed something wrong.

"There are believers and disbelievers," she said, "and these mixed influences make it difficult to get into touch with the spirits." A murmur of sympathy went up from the audience, which was renewed when she showed by pitiful sighing and heavy breathing that she laboured under difficulties. But presently she appeared to get hold of a clue which she followed up with remarkable rapidity.

As if she were trying to teach the sceptic a lesson, she first dealt with the sealed packet which he had placed in the bag. To his astonishment, she read most of the document, and he had to admit that it was all perfectly true. Then the medium, still holding the box into which the bag of articles had been placed, said that she saw a swan. This puzzled the audience, as well as the medium. She hardly knew what it meant, she said, because the swan was black. "It is carried about in the pocket every day," she added in a halting voice.

The medium tried hard to elucidate the mystery. Then she laughed outright. "Why," she said, "it is a Swan fountain-pen."

. . .

Sir Henry Lunn was as perplexed as the rest of the distinguished audience. Then she went on to describe the memento which had been placed in the bag by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. She even described the initials on it which were so faded that Sir Arthur said they could only be read after a close inspection in a good light. The medium, in fact, was able to satisfy everybody of her ability to "sense" articles without actually seeing them. She was, as spiritualists term it, clairvoyant. Then Lady Glenconner and another lady proceeded to search the medium in another room. Coming back, the spiritualist said that she had been observing the form of a man's spirit all the time she had been describing the articles in the black bag. Although she had asked him to go away, he still persisted. He wanted very much to be described.

"What name?" asked the spiritualists in the audience.

"I get 'Murphy,'" replied the medium.

"I knew somebody of the name of 'Murphy,'" began one of the party, when the medium interrupted: "I now get 'Button' . . . or 'buttons from his coat . . . No . . . 'Button Murphy.'"

. . .

Lady Glenconner helped the situation by saying sympathetically that she thought she recognised the spirit described. "He is in great pain," the medium went on, and I thought I saw a furtive tear in Lady Glenconner's eye. The medium now pointed to the pit of the stomach. "I see an operating theatre, with the table and doctors." And then, as if in desperation, "Is Murphy's Button not recognised by any of the medical gentlemen present?" she asked. Then, to the general surprise, Dr. Edwin Smith, the Coroner, declared that Murphy's Button was a medical term used in relation to an operation on the abdomen.

"Ah!" said the medium, "then the operation had been a failure. The man has died. That accounts for his being here in spirit to-night."

. . .

Now came the ghost. The lights had been turned down, the pianist played a hymn, the medium breathed heavily, and then—a pillow of light appeared, gradually assuming the outline of an aged woman. It seemed to me once that she carried in her spirit arms a spirit child. The ghost passed over the medium's head in full view of the onlookers, drooped, and gradually disappeared. No one could see where. And everyone in that room—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Lady Glenconner, the famous Scotland Yard detective, the matter-of-fact Coroner—all of them were equally and completely tricked.

I can only offer, on my own behalf,

Lady Grey

that I felt so convinced that this was a clever conjuring trick, that I sought out the medium's friend the very next day, and, after a friendly "pow-wow" and a few straight leading questions, I was able to extract a remarkable confession from him. The woman medium, it seemed, had succeeded in bluffing some of the leading men and women in the country.

Lady Glenconner had stated to me that she thought the medium had "fully succeeded in satisfying the test." Sir Henry Lunn said it was clear that the medium had remarkable telepathic gifts; and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was "much impressed."

She was no more clairvoyant than a cart-horse! The box containing the articles was removed from the room in full view of the audience—who were only a matter of inches away—and their contents extracted, examined, and described by an agent near-by two rooms away. Communication between the accomplice and the medium was kept up uninterruptedly by means of the wireless telephone. She was merely repeating to the audience, point by point, what her accomplice was telephoning to her. The whole business, in fact, was fraudulent.

. .

The "ghost" was also worked. The "spirit" which Lady Glenconner seemed to recognise, was meant by the tricksters to refer to another man altogether, whom they knew was well known to many of the audience present, and who had actually died after an operation on the stomach. Details of my private life which had been "gleaned from the spirits," had actually been told to the medium a few days previously by someone who knew me well.

After this, you may well say that it is a waste of time to go on investigating Spiritualism; that if it is easy to spoof some of the best brains in the country, it is far easier to hoodwink any average man or woman. But that is not so. Although the séance I have described is probably the greatest and cleverest piece of fraud ever practised on a representative audience, it does not by any means dispose of Spiritualism. It only proves that there are quacks and charlatans in every profession or religion, and that the investigator should go out with this knowledge at the back of his mind.

The main point, however, is that I am earnestly anxious to get to the bottom of the mystery of Spiritualism. The difficulty, as I foresee it, is this: Chivalrous men like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and gentlewomen like Lady Glenconner, place a certain degree of trust in their fellow beings. Sir Arthur knows in his own mind the truth about Spiritualism, and he is too good a fellow—if I may put it colloquially—to be prepared to regard every medium he meets as a potential fraud.

. . .

The trouble is, therefore, that he has to take their honesty for granted, and when they try and impose on him sometimes, as they do, they stand a fair chance of bringing it off. Lady Glenconner's credulity was extraordinary. Her examination of the medium, too, is a further example of how perfunctorily these searches are made. Of course it was a disgustingly mean trick to play on such nice people with such nice manners.

I would ask spiritualists in all honesty how they can expect anyone to take their evidence for granted if the conditions under which all spiritualistic séances are at present held render it childishly easy for fraud to be practised.

Finally, is it not time that the long-promised "light" were given by "friends on the other side"?

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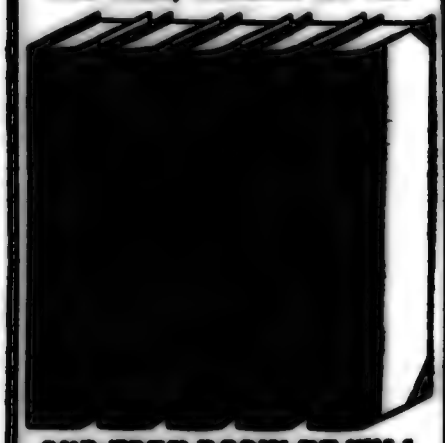

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THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

Premier in the Pillory

by HARRISON OWEN

THE charge against Stanley Baldwin was that he did by means of false representations seek to obtain a certain benefit, to wit a salary of £5,000 a year.

Entering the dock with his pipe in his mouth, the accused met with a stern rebuke from the Judge. Having apologised for his absent-mindedness, Baldwin pleaded "Not guilty."

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., who appeared for the public, said that, both verbally and in writing, the accused and his admiring confederates had represented that Baldwin was a statesman, and that the Government of which he was the head, would ensure for the country a period of tranquillity.

"What has been done to justify such claims?" demanded Mr. Watchdog. "The prospect of a workless winter does not bring tranquillity to the unemployed, any more than diminishing trade brings it to manufacturer. The nation is suffering from too much tranquillity in high places. The accused, for example, recently spent a tranquil holiday at Aix-les-Bains, while Europe was trembling on the brink of an international crisis. The Bull public did not begrudge the Prime Minister his holiday, but it certainly expected that he would afterwards get to grips with some of the problems which were hung up pending his return.

"The accused paused on his way home to take lunch with M. Poincaré, and somewhere between the *hors d'oeuvre* and the liqueurs, an important decision was supposed to have been reached. Yet all that the Premier had to tell the electors was that his own internal tranquillity had been disturbed by a 'rotten' Channel crossing. Again, a few days after its opening, the Imperial Conference was adjourned because the accused decided to take a day off to journey to St. Andrews University and collect an honorary degree.

"Doubtless Mr. Baldwin enjoys these pleasant little social functions," concluded Mr. Watchdog, "but in accepting the position of Prime Minister he must have known that he was taking on a job involving hard work, and so should be prepared to make sacrifices of his own leisure and pleasure."

MR. STRAWSPLITTER, for the defence, said that his client had never sought the Premiership, his personal predilections being for a truly rural existence with his pigs and his pipe. In arranging an adjournment of the Imperial Conference, Mr. Baldwin had been actuated by a desire to be present at St. Andrews when his distinguished cousin, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, was installed as Rector. The Prime Minister's visit had afforded much pleasure to the undergraduates, who were as much entitled to consideration as any other section of the community.

The jury having returned a verdict of "Guilty," Mr. Justice Bull,

addressing the prisoner, said: "Since your cousin, Mr. Kipling, has been mentioned, I would like to remind you of his excellent advice: 'Keep away from dirtiness—keep away from mess, Don't get into doin' things rather-more-or-less!' The habit of doin' things rather-more-or-less, or leaving them undone altogether, is one which you seem in danger of acquiring. When you took office, the public had high hopes, but so far you have scarcely proved a Baldwinner. The nation is still waiting for a lead from you in regard to unemployment, reparations, the collection of Allied debts and other matters, but so far your policy of tranquillity has consisted of doing nothing and saying nothing.

"Admittedly, words are not in themselves of much value, but you are mistaken if you imagine that you can acquire a reputation as a strong man merely by being a silent one. Your silence is not golden for the trading community, and keeping your own mouth shut will not fill the mouths of workless men and their hungry wives and children. The sentence of the Court is that you be deprived of your pipes, so that you can no longer use nicotine to dope yourself into false tranquillity, and that your favourite pig be turned into pork and offered up as a sacrifice to the God of Work."

ALL THE WORLD LOVES A LOVER

by PROFESSOR A. M. LOW

Prof. A. M. Low.

LOVE is a subject which interests every normal being, and it is a scientific fact that genuine affection is probably the most powerful force in the world. Perhaps one day we shall trace its characteristics.

A number of people are disturbed at the sight of London's lovers in our parks, but I am glad to see that a Canon of the Church has protested against such interfering nonsense. What could be a prettier sight than a soldier with his arm round a girl?

Is it not better for the beautiful and imaginative part of affection to be fostered in a clean open-air park than in the back seats and stale tobacco atmosphere of a cinema? Do people think that they can prevent the young (and old too) from happy intercourse by printed regulations and expensive women police?

What are our future mothers and fathers to do—Where can they go? If they are poor they perhaps have no quiet comfortable homes. If they are rich they take a private room at a restaurant, a room at an hotel, or they have a "business" flat.

Is this more clean, more honest and better than a park bench? It reminds one of Dan Leno's song, "A law for the rich and a law for the poor, but keep it dark!"

YOUNG people must be together. If they have little time to spare they make such things as war-time marriages and holiday marriages, simply because they want companionship. It is better for them to get to know *quite a lot* about each other (too much for Mrs. Grundy) before they marry, than to wait and swell the divorce courts and the columns of our Sunday newspapers.

We admit that we are animals in many ways: we eat the flesh of other animals with our teeth, but in the most animal-like instinct of all we pretend to be purely spiritual. What humbug it is! Let the sexual side be openly discussed and the remainder is the true mystery of genuine love helped on by the passion that animates us all.

To pretend that a man must only know what a women is on the day he marries her, is unfair to the judgment of both. Don't let us boggle at kissing in the park.

In some cities kissing in the street is *verboten*, but like whisky, a little is a good thing, and to stop it openly is to encourage it in secret. Someone has said that all the world loves a lover. Let us at least be honest with ourselves.

NEITHER the car owner with the big headlights (*and* curtained windows), nor the fond mother whose daughter is in a hurry to "tidy her hair before anything else"—need fear that the devil—like the Bishop—has his eye on the park.

A man is not a criminal because he asks a girl if she is waiting for her cousin. It is only the hysterical female who is persuaded to protest. The verb to "cuddle" is not defined in my dictionary, but that does not convince me that it is any more of a crime than a dance, an academy picture or a revue chorus.

True Christian doctrines usually differ from the human interpretation of them. If I have five pounds to spend, a waiter taps diffidently at the door; if I am in love and have nothing else, a park keeper tells me to walk on. So *that* is London!

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"DUGGIE NEVER OWES."
vide Press.

THE Cesarewitch, which will be decided this week, is the most fascinating race of the year, primarily, I think, because Newmarket is a law unto itself. The course is most peculiar to itself, and there seems something in the Newmarket air which has an immediate effect upon the temperamental horse. No more remarkable instance of this can be found than the case of Tishy, who, for two years in succession, was tried a certainty for the race, and yet at one point of the course threw up her head and absolutely refused to gallop.

My Cesarewitch Tip.

Ceinturon doesn't seem to be the requisite work, though probably he thrives on a light preparation. Ceylonese, after his performance at Doncaster, must, I think, start favourite and win. I will not take Miwani, because I do not think that this horse (better remembered as Velvet Glove) is in the same class as Ceylonese and Ceinturon; and if I had to take a rank outsider, it would be Sewing Machine, which was given to me as a good thing six weeks ago. I shall, however, stick to my first impression, which was

CEYLONESE

with a saving clause for Ceinturon.

Papyrus and Steve.

In the crowd that went down to say good-bye to Steve Donoghue I was not numbered. But I think that the enthusiasm which attended the little man's departure ought to awaken our friends of the sporting Press to the fact that the Papyrus-Zev match is immensely interesting to hundreds of thousands of people in this country. The *Sporting Life* has had a very excellent news service concerning the doings of Papyrus, for which I, at least, am truly grateful; for I find the match more or less ignored in most of the newspapers.

Yankee Horses no Fliers.

A well-known sportsman just come back from America substantiated what I said last week, namely, that the American form is a very long way behind ours, and it is going to surprise nobody with a knowledge of conditions to see Papyrus win and win very easily. The "training reports" and the timing notes show that Papyrus has not yet done anything more than a good half-speed gallop.

Times All Wrong.

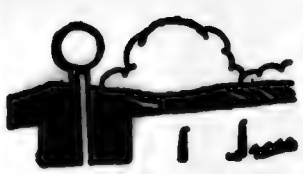
There isn't a Lanark selling plater that couldn't beat the time that Papyrus has taken over the various distances he has been galloped. There is no betting on this race, to all intents and purposes, and my confident belief is that, fit and well on the day of the race, there should be no betting. Papyrus will win easily.

George Clark.

Never a week passes but I do not receive a complaint about a man calling himself George Clark, a bookmaker operating from an address in Regent Street, whose telegraphic address is "Klarjorg London." The wiles of Clark have already been exposed in the columns of this journal and I do not think my readers should fall for his bunk so easily.

Don't Send Your Money.

In regard to the Papyrus-Zev match, a reader informs me that he has received a circular from the International Race Track Association, pointing out that Zev is such a certainty for the race that it would be flying in the face of Providence if they did not back him. In order that the reader may be assisted in this praiseworthy attempt to enrich the benighted Briton, the International Race Track Association will take your money and put it on the horse for you. The Association works from an office on Broadway, New York, and my advice to all and sundry is to keep their money in their pockets. Zev will start at two to one on, and there are plenty of two to one on chances that you can back in England with greater certainty of getting your money.



Sports and by ROWLEY

The New Rule and "John Bull."

I understand my paragraph regarding the new Jockey Club rule about the tipping owner has caused some stir in influential quarters, and that an attempt will be made to modify the rule so that the proprietors of newspapers who are racehorse owners will be exempt, providing the newspaper is not wholly devoted to racing, and derives no income from wire services. I must confess that, in all my years of experience, I have never struck that tipping owner. In fact, I think Pizzey was the last man who did that kind of thing in a perfectly legitimate way. I have reason to know, however, that it has been done, and it is a most reprehensible practice.

Good Story—Good Lie.

Has anybody heard about Mary Pickford owning horses in England? I met a wild and woolly American the other day who was bursting with the information that Mary was buying horses for that purpose, and I see that a note to that effect crept into one of the north country newspapers. My curiosity aroused, I cabled to Hollywood, to discover, as I had expected, that there is no truth whatever in the rumour. Nor is it true that the Prince of Wales intends racing on the flat during the lifetime of His Majesty.

The Prince and Liverpool.

The Prince is, I know, most anxious to ride over the Liverpool country, but his friends have, so far, succeeded in checking that ambition, and a word from a much higher quarter has definitely settled the matter. The King, by the way, will be at Newmarket all this week unless some political crisis develops in the meantime, and all connections of the stable have great hopes that London Cry will "walk it."

Did You Back Parth?

I hope some of the followers of my mass selections journeyed to Paris to get their money back on Parth. This is the unluckiest horse in training—he should have won Guineas, Derby and Leger.

NEWMARKET NOTES.

The Cesarewitch.

My final opinion on the Cesarewitch is that it will be won by either Ceylonese or London Cry, a slight preference being given to the former. Bellman is under a cloud. A good outside chance is held by Perfectus (Crickmere up). Ceinturon is expected to make a good show.

The Cambridgeshire.

The running in the Duke of York Stakes will, of course, be a good guide to the second of the big handicaps. Re-echo is better now than he has been all the year, and will go very near to winning for the second time. In a gallop recently, Pondoland and Holy Friar both beat Evander some lengths, and there is little to choose between the pair. Holy Friar has, however, no chance of beating Solicitude on the running here the week before last. This filly will run at Kempton, and R. Jones has been engaged to ride. I shall defer my opinion about the Cambridgeshire until after the Duke of York Stakes, which will probably put a different aspect on the race altogether.

Second October Nursery.

I understand this will be the race selected for Carmel, which should win. She has been sharpened up lately, and the six furlongs will suit her admirably.

Autumn Handicap.

Shri is well and may run prominently. Free from Pride has never been better, and is expected to win one of his numerous engagements. I hear that Torlonia is being kept for this, and, if so, I shall not look elsewhere for the winner. He has enough weight, but at his best is very useful, and this is the case just now.

Suffolk Nursery (Thursday).

With all her weight, Gay Angela will want beating. Gilpin's selected will probably be Hard Times; there is little between this colt and Rendezvous, however, and whichever goes should run prominently. A big danger is Restoration, which is on the up-grade just now. The winner, I fancy, will be Boyd Rochfort's selected, Perhaps So, or Amethystine. Both animals are well and have been going splendidly in useful gallops. My slight preference is for the former.

Newbury Autumn Cup.

My selection for this is Daughter-in-Law, whom I have seen galloping with Bessema several times lately, and always showing to advantage. She only gets a 5 lb. penalty for her victory at Newmarket, bringing her weight to 6 st. 13 lb., and she is certain to go very close. Smirke will probably have the mount.

* * *

J. Jarvis has several two-year-olds that have been well galloped and are expected to win before the end of the season. Indiscretion, Crewe, Dunnottar, Golden Trace, and Vesper Bell are all worth bearing in mind.

* * *

Make a note of Fille d'Or on Thursday in the Witchford Selling Plate. This animal is worth special attention. She was only just beaten by Harvest Star on the last day of the Newmarket meeting.

* * *

Swinderby has been galloped about the same animal as Southern. He is a good-looking colt by Swynford, formerly attached to Egerton House. He is still a maiden, but should on no account be allowed to run loose if seen out in a minor event.

* * *

Soldier Song has progressed in the right way since being in Griggs' stable. In a fast gallop over seven furlongs with Harry Tate and Lowood, he had matters all his own way. If entered for a selling race, he should not be missed.

* * *

No Points, recently trained in Ireland, and now in H. Leader's stable, has been galloped useful more than once. He finished ahead of Lighthouse over the Limekilns trial ground a little while ago, and he will win a race before the season ends.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

NEWMARKET (Wednesday).
1.45 Bonne Race (Torlonia, Soval).
2.50 (Cesarewitch Stakes) Ceylonese (Ceinturon).
4.0 Carmel (The Haberdasher).

NEWMARKET (Thursday).
2.30 Lacemaker (Appleby, Castor Bridge)
4.0 Cadabra (Rod Rock, Palomides).

NEWMARKET (Friday).
1.30 Chip.
3.0 Crossjack (Francis Joseph, Silver Grass).

PONTEFRACT (Friday).
3.0 Silver Band.
3.30 Double Gift.

PONTEFRACT (Saturday).
2.30 Clashgour.
3.0 Glitter Gold (L'Algion).

LINGFIELD PARK (Saturday).
1.50 Berengaria (Crusader's Pet).
3.50 Wild Mint.

Sportsmen MILE

ROWLEY MILESTONES

W. McLachlan, junr., while quite one of the ablest of our light-weight jockeys, is far and away the best-looking.

• • •

Bessoms and Willbiond are certainly two of the most notable exponents of the "horses for courses" theory we have had of recent years.

• • •

Morestel must not be condemned as a jade because of her defeat at the First October Meeting. Evidence was not lacking in the paddock before the race that she was amiss from sexual causes.

• • •

The fact may be worth bearing in mind that there was a lot of "inspired" money for Alexandrosheno when that Italian importation was beaten last time out.

• • •

The state of the ground may have some effect upon eleventh-hour wagering on the Cambridgeshire. If the going is heavy, Epinard may not be quite such a warm order as might otherwise be the case.

• • •

It seems probable that Re-echo will be heard of in connection with the big event of the Houghton week. Last year's winner has not been galloping with such dash all the season as at the present time.

• • •

The Ball Game

THE International game between Ireland and England in Belfast is no certainty for the latter, and a Saturday date for the match is not to the liking of the English League clubs. Many will have their chances of picking up points this week-end lessened by International calls. Blackburn Rovers have not had such a good time since the war, and should beat Manchester City at Ewood Park, and other home clubs whose records point to victory are Cardiff City, Liverpool, Middlesbrough, Notts County and Sheffield United. I think the Villa and West Ham on top form capable of winning away, and shall look for draws at Sunderland and Birmingham.

Shields Doing Well.

South Shields, the Second League leaders, are playing so consistently well that they must always be marked dangerous, but Clapton Orient are just the type of team to beat them at Lea Bridge Road. I shall take them to do so. Blackpool, Hull City, Bristol City, Leicester and Manchester United should win their home matches. Bury and Leeds United seem to have the best chances of the away teams. Draws are the likely results at Nelson, Selhurst and Southampton.

With the Scots.

In the Scottish League one of the best matches is that between the Celtic and Raith Rovers. The Glasgow team have run back into really good form, and with ground advantage one must take them to get both the points. Clydebank, Motherwell, Falkirk, Morton and Partick Thistle should be home winners, and I like the chances of the Airdrieonians, the Rangers and Aberdeen away from home. Ayr United and St. Mirren looks like a draw.

What of Seddon.

The recognition of the value of Seddon, of Bolton, as a centre-half-back of International class is overdue. He is to play against Belgium at Antwerp, but even if he succeeds it is doubtful if he will oust George Wilson, of the Wednesday, who, as used to be the case with Wedlock, seems to have got a monopoly of the centre-half position in England's home International teams. My view is F. Seddon is the better man of the two.

Our National "Team."

Incidentally, the first English selected team is a thing of shreds and patches, and so-called trial games might just as well be abolished for all the good they do in the matter of revealing International players. There is, it is true, a departure in the selection of a couple of amateurs but, so far as I can see, no attempt to move along fresh lines. England wants a new team built up, and not a mere falling back on safe players. The Championship looks a good thing for Scotland this season.

Bound to Succeed.

If young Fitton, the West Bromwich winger, does not have his head turned by the things that are being written of him, he will become a great player. I have seen him only once, and I must say I was amazed at the coolness he allied to plenty of speed and immaculate centring. A lad with a head as he has should not be easily flattered, and I shall watch his progress with sympathetic interest.

Ball Like Boyle.

Most people who have seen Ball, of the Villa, play recently are wondering why there has been so much talk of a centre-half problem at Villa Park. Ball has come on fast, and a Burnley enthusiast who saw him perform recently remarked to me, "I wish we had him. He reminds me of Tom Boyle." Ball has a big task in having to live up to Villa tradition, but he is capable of doing it.

What Newcastle Need.

Newcastle United have struck a lean patch so far as defenders are concerned. They could scarcely be expected to maintain the Gardner-Veitch-M'William standard or to get a satisfactory successor to Billy McCracken all at once, but they have the money and the judgment, and I look to them to remedy their weaknesses very soon. At the moment their greatest need is a tip-top left-half and a right back.

FORECASTS FOR OCT. 27.

ENGLISH LEAGUE.—Division I.
Home Winners.
*Aston Villa, Burnley, Everton, *Huddersfield, *Manchester City, Newcastle 'Spurs, West Ham.
Away Winners.
*Cardiff City.
Draws.
Arsenal, Bolton, Notts Forest, Liverpool.

ENGLISH LEAGUE.—Division II.
Home Winners.
Barnsley, *Bradford City, *Bury, Coventry City, *Derby County, Fulham, *Leeds, Wednesday, Stoke.
Away Winners.
*Manchester United.
Draws.
South Shields v. Orient.

THIRD DIVISION—NORTHERN.
Home Winners.
*Accrington, Crewe, *Darlington, *Grimsby, *Rochdale, *Wolves.
Away Winners.
*Chesterfield, Walsall.
Draws.
*Hartlepools v. Durham, Lincoln v. Tranmere, *Rotherham v. Southport.

THIRD DIVISION—SOUTHERN.
Home Winners.
Brentford, Bristol Rovers, Luton, *Merthyr, *Millwall, *Newport, Rangers, Swansea.
Away Winners.
*Swindon.
Draws.
Exeter v. Brighton, Norwich v. Charlton.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
Home Winners.
*Aberdeen, *Airdrieonians, Dundee, Kilmarnock, Queen's Park, Raith Rovers, Rangers.
Away Winners.
Partick Thistle.
Draws.
Clyde v. Third Lanark, Hamilton v. Morton.

For coupon purposes the star selections have been marked with an asterisk.

THE GREATEST CENTRE.

EVERY now and then people say Andy Wilson has gone off—or has finished. When these remarks become general, Wilson gets annoyed and proceeds to put it across some unfortunate goalkeeper. Something to the effect has been in circulation this season, so Wilson promptly goes and gets five goals in one match, and against Sam Hardy, too!

Wilson is to-day what he has been since the war—the best centre-forward in the game. He doesn't look it for three-quarters of the game, which he spends in midfield seemingly isolated from the play and wondering what has won the 2.30. Then all at once arises the real opportunity. In a flash Wilson has either booted the ball out to an unmarked winger or is off on his own down the middle with the inevitable deadly shot at the end of it. There has never been a player who was so sure on the target since Steve Bloomer.

Andy never attempts the impossible. His wonderful judgment decides when to put on top speed or where to send the ball. It is in any case odds on him doing the correct thing.

Unfortunately Wilson does not get fair play everywhere he goes. There are one or two crowds who seem to delight when a great player makes a slip. They gibe at this and do not applaud his successes. This does not disturb Andy, but we could do without it.

Dark Bristol Days.

Bristol City seem unable to escape trouble. Matthews, whom Alec Raisbeck got from Liverpool, has never settled down in the Western City, and wants to leave, and several other players have not lived up to the form expected of them. It is hoped that Nesbitt, the old Burnley outside right, will bring inspiration to the Ashton Gate players, and if he can find the form he used to show as Bob Kelly's partner the inside forwards should not complain of lack of chances. Nesbitt still has many years of good football in him, and he ought to do the City a bit of good.

Huddersfield the Best.

One of the West Bromwich officials tells me his team consider Huddersfield the best side they have met this season. Perhaps Cardiff are playing better football, but there is both virility and cleverness in the Yorkshire lot. Clem Stephenson is approaching the veteran stage in a playing sense, but is still a wonderful footballer. He is the directing brain of the attack, and is the best inside-left in present-day football who has never had an International cap. He and W. H. Smith will be strong candidates for England's left wing couple if they maintain their present form.

Hard to Find.

Sid King, West Ham's manager, has his doubts whether the risk of injury is greater in the Second than in the First Division—generally supposed to be the case. West Ham have found more than their fair share of trouble in the top flight, and in only two matches this season have they been able to field their strongest side, yet there are no fears at Upton Park concerning their position. Mr. King frankly says "We have not too many 'good 'uns' in reserve, but we are only like other clubs in that direction. Players of the right sort are not easily found these days."

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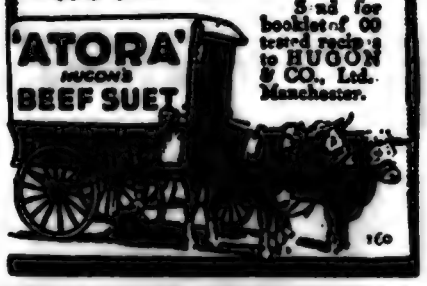


Our Letter Parliament

Do Babies Bring Happiness?

Our Readers Air Their Views on This and Other Subjects

A Bitter Cry.

I had to start finding money to feed myself and the children when they came, and was told I ought to expect children when married. I have had nine, and we have lived for months chiefly on bread and margarine. I say plainly I do not want more children to exist as we do now. "Love" only means Self. How can babies bring happiness?—*A Mother, Yate, Glos.*

Happy Without.

I daresay children do bring happiness in some cases. My wife and I have been married fifteen years and no baby has come to bless our home, but I believe we get as much happiness as this system will allow us as working people. When I see the poverty and distress around us in homes with families, I consider I am very fortunate. Workmen are not paid a wage sufficient to enable them to keep children.—*A Childless Workman, Southampton.*

Strength of Mother-love.

I have a baby a few years old, but oh! how different my lot to the ideal life exemplified in a previous issue of JOHN BULL. But for my baby I should long ago have freed myself from the bondage and indignities my husband forces upon me. I love my baby dearly, and once I cared for my husband, but once married I served my purpose, and how I hate the life I lead. My mother-love is stronger than my desire to live, I live only to shield my child, making pretence of the happiness I so earnestly desire. I thank God for his great gift; my life is not altogether empty.—"*Disillusioned,*" *Edinburgh.*

"The Sins of the Fathers."

I saw a sight in a tramcar recently that sickened and saddened me—a healthy-looking woman seated with her five children round her, whose ages ranged from one to thirteen years, all marked by the foul finger of hereditary syphilis. Verily, the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children. Let all women who possess children, healthy and normal in mind and body, cease to pine for the honeymoon days, and rejoice that in finding clean-living men as husbands a goodly heritage of health will be their children's. Only the marriage of the fit can produce the babies that bring happiness.—*J. B., Edinburgh.*

Drama in Trials.

In many recent trials for murder there has been a great exhibition of public sympathy. This has doubtless been prompted by a false idea of romance and stage heroism. Thousands of people are willing to condone acts of violence, and ready to present petitions for the reprieve of the criminal. There is no excuse for murder, however, whether committed under an ungovernable impulse or premeditated. We cannot allow our emotions and sentiments to overrule justice. Justice when guided by sentiment becomes a mockery.—*H. S., Oldham.*

Base Employers.

Can nothing be done about the scandal of employers who persecute girls in their employment with unwelcome attentions? Often it means that a girl can only retain honour and self-respect by facing unemployment, a terrible alternative just now. The evil is more common than the public realise. Sweating employers are sometimes pilloried and blacklisted. Is it impossible to devise some means of blacklisting employers of this type?—*M. A., Maida Vale.*

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

An Idea with Punch.

I think the rule of boxing in regard to the count should be altered from ten seconds to five minutes. The audience should be considered as well as the boxers. An extension of the length of the count would help, at least, to prevent the fiascos which have taken place in the Carpentier *v.* Beckett contests.—*P. McD., Bacup.*

Other People's Money.

During the present crisis of rampant unemployment it would be better that lists of "Deceased Parties' Wills and Legacies" were not published in the daily papers. As it is, the publication of these large sums gives rise to much discontent and ill-will. It is only human nature to make contrasts, and thus the seething spirit of avowed ill-will is bred and nourished to the detriment of the best that is in man and woman.—*G. W. D., Leith.*

Clerical Stunting.

How long are high-placed prelates in the church to be allowed to justify their existence by merely resorting to periodical self-advertising stunts? That most Christian self-advertiser, Bishop Welldon, with a salary of £3,000 a year from his office as Dean of Durham alone, broadcasts a condemnation of conscientious teachers whose average wages work out at about £3 per week—when they can get work. Our crowded slums need visiting; our starving unemployed need food and words of comfort. These prelates must come off their pedestals and try to emulate more the life of their Master.—*Sidesman, Chester.*

England's Profligates.

The luxuriously furnished haunts of England's profligates, and the fact that it is profitable for an army of women and their parasites to live as slaves of shame, prompts the questions: Who are their patrons, and why are they not pilloried that the world may know them? A high dignitary of the church on one occasion arraigned the section of men who have established positions and can afford to waste wealth, and who said it was they, and not younger men, who were the bulwarks of immorality in the country. Publicity in regard to the patrons would do more to make England clean than anything the church could accomplish.—"*Camber,*" *Nottingham.*

2/6 Everpointed Pencil FREE!

Offer Closes WED., OCT. 24.

For full particulars see page 32.

"JOHN BULL" PEN DEPT.,
Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

Send me your new model 5/6 "John Bull" Self-Filling Pen complete with clip, on 3 days' trial. If I decide to keep it, I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (postage free) and accept the 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil as a free gift. If I decide not to keep it, I will return the Pen, with the Pencil, in new condition, within 3 days from receipt.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

State if broad, medium or fine nib required. Should you desire to forward remittance with this application cross P.O. "& Co." and make payable to "JOHN BULL."

J.B.20.10.23. Date.....

"Penny Policy Pirates.

In reply to E. Bonser's letter in a recent issue, I would point out that under the Collecting Societies and Industrial Assurance Companies Act, 1896, no policy can be lapsed without notice having been given to policy-holder. Furthermore, by the Industrial Assurance Act, 1923, policy-holders are very adequately protected.—*B. Moss, Grays.*

Peeping Toms.

On a Post Office Savings Bank Book, it states that "Strict secrecy is observed in connection with depositors' accounts," and yet if one takes money to the Post Office, likely as not there are a number of people at the counter. The book is opened in full view of everybody who can see how much is being put in, and also the total, whilst the particulars are being entered. Not much secrecy there. Why can't the official take the book, unopened, aside, away from the public's curious gaze, and so fulfil the P.M.G.'s promise?—*Beroli, Lincoln.*

Our Lead.

I think it would be a good idea if the publishers of periodicals and newspapers would enquire into the business of the various firms that advertise golden opportunities in their columns. If they acted wisely they would follow JOHN BULL's example, then it would encourage readers to buy through the advertisements. But while there are so many rogues it isn't safe to part with your money. So the genuine advertisers don't get the full benefit of the people's custom as they would if your idea was taken up.—*E. T., Sheffield.*

Polling Booth Work.

In view of the forthcoming November Council Elections throughout the country, wouldn't it be as well to remind the local bodies concerned that there are quite a number of unemployed walking the streets capable of taking on the various positions in the Polling Booth? As a rule, the majority of schools are closed on polling day and then we find the teachers, pensioned policemen and retired gentlemen taking on this work and snatching the fees which would otherwise be a relief and a Godsend to these unfortunate out of works.—*F. T., Thornaby.*

Buried Alive.

The recent report of how a woman was saved at the last moment from being sent to the grave alive, has brought home to everyone the danger of premature burial. It has been stated that sufficient air is contained within a coffin to maintain life for three minutes only. The experiences of the unfortunate victim during this short space must baffle the wit of man to describe. Is it not time to give our doctors the power to ascertain, by means best known to themselves, whether death has really supervened?—*T. H. J., Pontardawe.*

The Milky Way.

Do the public realise an insidious daily peril that may lie in wait in the morning milk-tin, clean though it seems to outward observation? A hidden groove, beneath the curved rim, acts as a trap for milk-particles which lie, unseen, thickening into a revolting grey filth, breeding poisonous germs which come to light by prising round the groove with a knitting wire. Milk-tins should be of a pattern void of curves, cleanable by busy housewives, without expending undue time and trouble. Let our present germ-traps follow the long-tubed feeding bottle into oblivion.—*Householder, Ryde.*

50,000 OXO Xmas Stockings

To be given away

For particulars of this wonderful offer and specimen stocking look in your Grocer's window

OXO

OXO Limited, 2, Thames House, London, E.C.

FULLOTONE

REG. TRADE MARK

A 15-Guinea Cabinet Gramophone for £7-15-0

BUY YOUR GRAMOPHONE THE "FULLOTONE" WAY.

The "Fullotone," an instrument famed for its exquisite tone and perfect construction, can be purchased in a way which prevents all risk on your part. We sell only on the understanding that if the model you select does not give absolute satisfaction after a week's free trial in your own home, your money is immediately refunded in full.

The pleasure of the perfect gramophone is yours at this very moderate cost. Why pay high prices when you can purchase this "Fullotone" model direct from the Factory at half the usual shop price? Factory charges save you all middleman's profits.

No. 2 CABINET GRAND

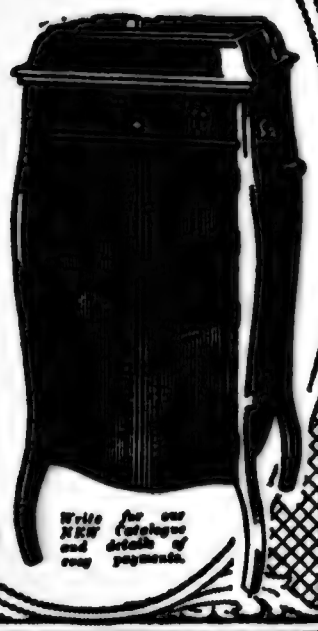
A perfectly executed inlaid Sheraton Cabinet model, mahogany finished, 3ft. 4ins. high. It has a Swiss double-spring 3-record motor, the famous "Fullotone" Junior Sound Box ensuring faultless tone, accommodation for 100 records, N.F. fitting, and all the latest 1923 improvements throughout.

Factory Price £7.15.

or 6 monthly payments of 27/-
CARRIAGE PAID U.K.

Also supplied as a Wireless Combination Gramophone complete with Sterling 4,000 Ohm Headphones, Aerial Equipment and all accessories. Range 25 — 30 miles. Price, including B.B.C. Licence, £12 : 12.
Or 6 monthly payments of 44/-.
CARRIAGE PAID U.K.

A full range of 20 models can be seen at our showrooms.



Write for our NEW and FREE catalogue and details of payments.

THE CABINET GRAMOPHONE CO.,
Dept. Jo, 209, Great College St., Camden Town, N.W. 1. North 2375.
and at The Service Co., 269, High Holborn, W.C.

You can Play the Piano To-day

BY

Naunton's National Music System.

You can play. Your child can play. Anyone can play.

IT makes no difference whether you have had previous lessons or not, whether you are eighty years of age or only eight, we guarantee that you can play the piano to-day by this wonderful and simple system. There are no sharps, flats, or theoretical difficulties to worry you, and no tiresome or wearisome exercises or scales to be learnt. You play correctly with both hands at once. No difficulty or drudgery whatever.

FAILURE IS IMPOSSIBLE

You cannot fail. All you have to do is to sit down to the piano with our music and play it at once—HYMNS, DANCE MUSIC, CLASSICS, ANYTHING.

No one need ever say again: "I wish I could play." Everyone can do it to-day.

OVER 50,000 PEOPLE ARE PLAYING BY IT AND ARE PLAYING PERFECTLY. IF THEY CAN DO IT, SO CAN YOU.

LET US TELL YOU ALL ABOUT THIS WONDERFUL, SIMPLE AND RAPID SYSTEM.

Take advantage of the offer we make on the Coupon, and by return of post you will receive eight tunes which we guarantee you can play: thus you can prove for yourself the simplicity of our system and the accuracy of our statements. This small outlay will open up the delights of the vast realm of music to you, and give you many years of purest pleasure.

READ WHAT STUDENTS SAY:—

L. PERFECT, HALIFAX, writes:—I am writing to thank you for the lessons received. I would not be without my music for three times what I have paid for it.

K. BARTON writes:—"I receive my music each week safely and am quite fascinated with it. I find it as easy to play as you say. I have had lessons on the old system but did not make much progress."

Mr. L. SENIOR writes:—"I have received my ninth lesson and can play well. Of course, I cannot play perfectly yet, but it is really wonderful how easy it comes after a little practice."

FREE DEMONSTRATIONS are given daily at 3 p.m. and on Mondays and Wednesdays at 8 p.m. at 27, High Street, Oxford Street, London, W.C.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER COUPON.

"John Bull" Oct. 20th, 1923.

To the Manager, Naunton's National Music System,
27, High Street, Oxford Street, London, W.C. 2.

I send herewith postal order for One Shilling and Sixpence, in return for which please send me your "Special No. 1," containing eight tunes, published at 2s. 6d.; also particulars of how I can become a thorough musician.

NOTE.—Please fill in Postal Order payable to Naunton's National Music System.

To Colonial and Foreign readers: British Money and Postal Orders only accepted.

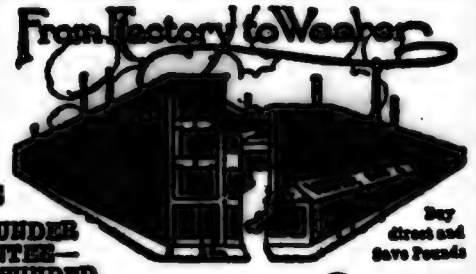
Name .....

Address .....

Date .....

WATCH From Factory to Wearer

MANUFACTURERS' RECORD BARGAIN OFFER TO "JOHN BULL" READERS



Buy direct and Save Pounds

THESE WATCHES ARE SOLD UNDER THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE—SATISFACTION OR MONEY REFUNDED.

No. 1 GOLD FILLED FULL HUNTER POST FREE **20/-**

Open Face showing Dust Proof Dome.

Specification—Best Lever Movement Action, Perfect Timekeeper, Guaranteed 10 years, Extra Strong Case fitted with Dust and Damp Proof Dome as illustrated. Fitted with Patent Balance Action and cannot possibly be overwound.

So sure are we of its ability to withstand hard usage that we enclose a

10 YEARS' GUARANTEE

with each watch sold. Post Free 20/- only. Every JOHN BULL reader should seize the opportunity of securing one of these Handsome Full Hunters. Exact reproduction of a 20 Guinea Model

ALSO SUPERIOR QUALITY 10 JEWELLED LEVER 25/- POST FREE

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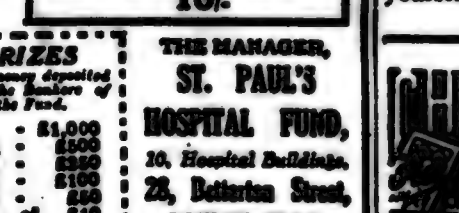


20/- Post Free.

Send postcard for Free Fine Art Catalogue of Watches.

GENUINE GOLD FILLED EXPANDING BRACELET WATCH GUARANTEED 10 YEARS.

High Grade Fully Jewelled Movement Action. Timed to a minute a month. Finest workmanship, fitted with expanding bracelet, expands to fit any size wrist. Recently worth 3 Gns.

No. 2 also stocked in **SOLID GOLD** Fitted with Black Silk Moire Band **25/-** and 64, postage. (If required with Solid Gold Expanding Bracelet, 35/- Post Free, Shop price 5 Guineas.

No. 2 also in GENTS' SIZE, 9ct. **SOLID GOLD** with second hand and fitted with Leather Strap **40/-** Post Free.

BETTER VALUE THAN WE OFFER IS FRANKLY IMPOSSIBLE.

Compare our prices and judge for yourself. Thousands of "John Bull" readers are in possession of our watches and have written us, remarking on their wonderful value. DO NOT DELAY. Send your order to-day under the Guarantee Terms to

WATTS, SON & CO., (DEPT. J.B.46)

London Office & Showrooms:—327, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

LAST FEW WEEKS

"To fight germs and bacteria you must have money..."
—Words by the Prince.
—*From the "Daily Mail."* 3/7/23.

£1,000 for 1/-

THE GREAT

St. Paul's Hospital COMPETITION

IS NOW DRAWING TO A CLOSE.

If you have put off buying your tickets, secure them NOW.
Don't leave it to a last-minute rush.
The objects of this Competition are the Completion of the New Hospital Building and War on Disease.

95 Substantial Prizes

are to be won. The Competition is a simple one and within the scope of everyone.

TICKETS, 1/- each

Book of Ten to sell to your Friends and *ONE FREE TICKET*, 10/-

PRIZES
Prize money deposited with the Bankers of the Fund.

1st	-	£1,000
2nd	-	£500
3rd	-	£250
4th	-	£100
5th	-	£50
20	at	£10
60	at	£5

THE MANAGER,
ST. PAUL'S HOSPITAL FUND,
10, Hospital Buildings,
28, Bedford Street,
LONDON, W.C.2.

HOW TO GET RID OF COLDS AND CATARRH.

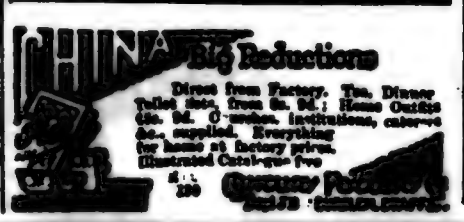
A Simple, Safe, Inexpensive Method that Clears out the Head, Nose and Throat.

There are many people suffering from chronic catarrh who would like to know how they can stop catching cold after cold, for they must realise that sooner or later this may lead to deafness and other serious troubles.

Dr. Blosser, for years a specialist in catarrh, is the discoverer of a pleasant, direct method that can be used by women and children as well as men. His remedy is made from medicinal herbs, flowers, and berries, which you smoke in a dainty pipe or cigarette, and inhale the vapour into all the air passages of the head, nose, throat and lungs, carrying medicine where sprays, douches and salves cannot possibly reach. It contains no cubebs, tobacco, or habit-forming drugs.

Dr. Blosser's Remedy is effective in all forms of colds, catarrh, asthma, catarrhal headaches, and ear troubles that may lead to deafness. You will breathe better and feel better after using it.

You can get from any chemist shop a convenient pocket size package of Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes and prove for yourself their pleasant, beneficial effect.


Big Reductions
Direct from Factory. Tea, Dinner Toilet Sets, from 8s. 9d.; House Outfits £5. 9d. Churches, Institutions, Caterers &c., supplied. Everything for home at factory prices. Illustrated Catalogue Free

Light in the Gloom

The Sun is sometimes behind the Darkest Cloud

by SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER

I CAN never understand those Englishmen who get a grim, bilious satisfaction by constantly writing down their own country.

From some of the political speeches and many of the newspaper articles, you would imagine that financially and industrially we were plunging to black disaster, and the Lord help us during the coming winter! The Fat Boys are anxious to "make our flesh creep."

There will be nothing to throw up our caps about during the next few months; but instead of going from bad to worse things are mending. There is plenty of money in the country, as you will notice any day by the rush of investors when a company is floated likely to provide substantial dividends. The very fact that we are able to tax ourselves more than any people on earth, shows we are not badly off.

It was only natural we should go through bad times after the War. But we are now well round the corner. Some folk would be better employed if they helped on the good time instead of persistently moaning about the evil future and making everybody within their range unhappy.

Let us look on the bright side. All statistics show that during the past twelve months our home trade has steadily improved. Our output of coal since the beginning of the year has on the average been two million tons more per month than last year—and an improved production of coal is direct evidence that our industries are busier. In the steel and iron trade we have now 222 furnaces in blast compared with 115 this time last year; our production of steel and iron is now even better than in 1913.

The finger of envy is constantly being pointed at the United States. The truth is that whilst our position industrially is bettering, that of America is worsening. Two years ago the excess of American exports over imports was colossal; last year it was down considerably; this year the Americans are importing a great deal more than they export.

Sir John Foster Fraser

It is not for us to protest against the severe immigration laws of the United States. By keeping out labour the cost of production on the other side of the Atlantic is so great that American manufacturers see they have no chance of competing in oversea markets. The immigration laws of the United States are, by their effect in enhancing the cost of production, going to be of inestimable benefit to our industry.

Whilst we are disposed to display a little national pride that we can, with a grin, carry so great a burden of taxation, it would be a good thing if we ceased some of our expensive adventuring in other parts of the earth and reduced taxation on home industries. Even the street corner regenerator of the world knows that if you take money from a man, even by taxation, he has less to spend in further business enterprise.

Enterprise has been held back by high taxation, and this has had a direct consequence in decreasing employment. There is little unemployment in France. Chiefly because there has been no heavily retarding income tax. There has been industrial progress in Germany. Because Germany would rather go nationally bankrupt than pay her obligations by taxation.

Yet, notwithstanding these disadvantages, together with falling prices, our foreign trade is better to-day than it was a year ago. Why, during the first six months of this year we invested over £90,000,000 in foreign countries, and by the interdependence of nations the reaction was to bring important orders to this country.

I protest against the policy of the sour-doughs we have amongst us, always bleating woe and sniffing round for evidence of more misery instead of cheerfully looking forward.

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"RED LETTER":—"Bertie, his LIPS CLOSED like bars of steel, SAID, 'There is still work to do.'"

"WILLESDEN CHRONICLE" (advert.):—"YOUNG LADY assistant wanted for high-class Bakers and Confectioners, age NOT OVER 95."

"HEREFORD JOURNAL":—"The first SUNDAY was on FRIDAY when the Holy Communion was administered at 8 p.m."

"PRESTWICH GUIDE":—"CABBAGES, CAULIFLOWERS, CELERY, FLOWERS, etc., have been stolen from the above allotments. Will the members who see any of, THESE DESPICABLE CHARACTERS about, please notify the Committee?"

"LIVERPOOL WEEKLY POST":—"She has won 16 medals for swimming, 18 or WHICH she is wearing in the picture."

"THE EXAMINER" (Tasmania):—"Think of your children. If you have NO CHILDREN, think of your GRANDCHILDREN."

"CAMBRIAN NEWS":—"Already she had served SEVENTEEN-AND-A-HALF MONTHS in prison in small terms THIS YEAR."

"DAILY DISPATCH":—"Mushrooms are 1s. to 2s. a lb. Spanish ONIONS were 4 lb. for 6d."

"HOME MIRROR NOVELS" (advert.):—"'I love you, Emmy, I love you,' murmured Guy Dangerfield, young, rich and handsome, the proud SON OF A HUNDRED earls."

"YELLOW MAGAZINE":—"Then he WHISPERED with his VOICE."

"ALTHORNE PARISH MAGAZINE":—"Lilian Grace Fitch, BORN 28TH OCTOBER, 1923; BAPTISED 9TH SEPTEMBER, 1923."

Here is the plan of feeding for most eggs at least cost.

The following plan promotes egg production on the only sane lines—without decreasing the vitality or future utility of the bird. Make up a morning mash of Spratt's Laymor (5 parts), Spratt's Mebo (Meat and Bone) 1 part, and Bran or Middlings 5 parts. Scald so that the mixture becomes just crumbly moist and give to the birds warm, *not hot*. The midday feed can be of table scraps, the evening feed should be sound grain.

This Laymor-Mebo mash costs only 1¼d. per bird per week, but it compels every egg the hen can yield.

FREE
On application to Spratt's Patent Limited, a copy of
POULTRY KEEPERS' ACCOUNT BOOK
(a 12 months' record)
and 16-page Booklet
EGGS — HOW TO GET THEM.

20,000 dealers regularly sell

SPRATT'S LAYMOR

at these prices. Spratt's Laymor 3½-lb. sealed bag, 11¼d. Spratt's Mebo 3½-lb. sealed bag 1/3. You can obtain supplies to-day.

Spratt's Patent Ltd. (Room 1), 24-25 Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3.

LARGEST HOME MAIL ORDER HOUSE

THE UNIVERSAL STORES

Greatest Gramophone Bargain in the World.

A BRITISH MADE MACHINE

Value £6-10-0.

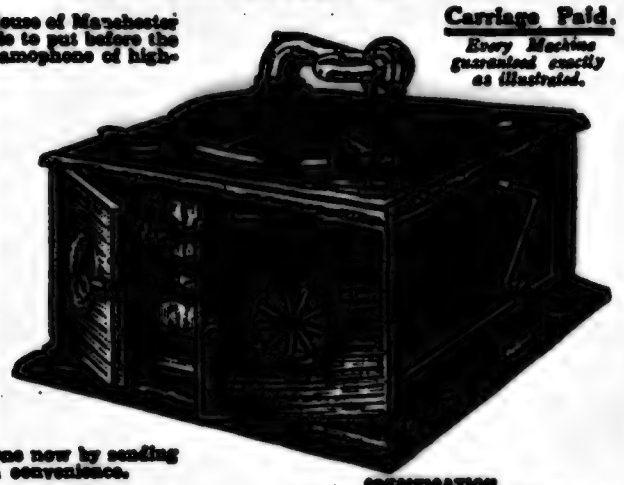
with FREE GIFT OF RECORDS (6 Selections) for

50/- ONLY

Carriage Paid.
Every Machine guaranteed exactly as illustrated.

THE UNIVERSAL STORES—the World-famed Bargain House of Manchester—have again pleasure in announcing that they are able to put before the Public a new and entirely improved model of Hornless Gramophone of high-class British make with all the latest improvements.

Although these machines are equal in every respect to those costing 10 guineas or more, we are giving the opportunity to readers of JOHN BULL to obtain these magnificent instruments at this extraordinary low advertising price. Please note the specification of the machine, which is guaranteed British made with a real THORENS Motor, and cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than £6-10-0. Now is the time to buy a Gramophone to entertain your family and friends during the long winter evenings. This elegant instrument will render, in rich mellow tones, your favourite songs, the finest operas, the best band music, in fact any instrumental or vocal selection. It will bring into your own home for you to enjoy at your will, the actual playing and singing of the greatest artists in the world, and will give endless pleasure to the children and their little friends.



Our price for these real British made Gramophones for a limited time is 50/- only, which includes a Free Gift of new 10 in. Records (6 Selections) and a Box of 200 Needles sent well packed in a box and CARRIAGE PAID to any address in Great Britain (Ireland 3/6 extra). If unable to send full cash at once secure the Gramophone now by sending a small deposit: the balance can be paid at your own convenience.

DON'T DELAY—Send your order now!
We pay carriage to your door and guarantee satisfaction. Cash refunded if not delighted with your Bargain.

Special Bargain Offer of Records to Gramophone Owners.
A BEAUTIFUL ART ALBUM, complete with 12 Double-sided 2/6 Records (making 24 selections) and a box of 200 best quality needles, sent carriage paid for ONLY £1. The selection of the Records to be left to us, but we guarantee a good all round selection of latest songs, bands, etc. Every Record is warranted new and unscratched, entirely British made and are the best records on the market.

SPECIFICATION.
SOLID OAK, POLISHED CABINET, New design, with panelled sides and hand-carved doors. GENUINE THORENS MOTOR, powerful and very silent running, with DOUBLE RECORD SPRING. 10 in. plush covered turntable that will take up to 12 in. records. NICKEL SILVER-PLATED GOOSE-NECK TONE ARM, patent swivel action. SPECIAL CONCERT SOUND BOX, with insulated rubber back. Silver-plated speed regulator and needle cup, carved fretwork grille with silk lining, internal horn, double folding doors on piano hinges to increase or diminish sound at will. Size of machine approximately 18 ins. wide, 18 ins. long, 9 ins. deep.

The Universal Stores Manufacturing Co.
21, Cannon St.
Gramophone Dept. (J.B. 2),
MANCHESTER.
(Est. 1900)

Treasury Notes must be sent by registered post. Postal Orders and Cheques should be crossed " & Co.," and made payable to the Universal Stores, Ltd. (E.W.)

Sends for our new Money Saving Catalogue which contains hundreds of Household Bargains.

THE UNIVERSAL STORES

LARGEST HOME MAIL ORDER HOUSE

NESTLÉ'S CAFÉ AU LAIT

is absolutely the last word in Coffee.

Pure full-cream dairy milk, refined crystal sugar and best coffee mixed in correct proportions needing only hot water to produce most delicious Café au Lait as served in the best hotels on the continent.

Pre-war quality at reduced prices.
Half-tins (8 cups) 8½d. Large tins (16 cups) 1 s. 3 d.

At all best class Grocers and Stores.

ABSOLUTELY PURE AND FREE FROM PRESERVATIVES.

Are you troubled by ASTHMA

Is your life a misery owing to attacks of that awful, strangling cough, which torments you day and night? If so, Potter's Asthma Cure is what you want. It gives immediate relief, however great your suffering. A Free Trial of

POTTER'S Asthma Cure

is offered to every reader, because we know a practical test is the best argument. It enables you to go about your daily duties in comfort. Wonderful also in bronchitis, croup, whooping cough and other lung troubles. *Best remedy for bronchitis of children.* Free from opiates, and cannot cause headache or bad after-effects. Obtainable of all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores for 1/6 or post free 1/9 from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 63, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

Smoke Potter's Asthma Cure Cigarettes when out of doors.

A Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, Smoking Mixture and Asthma Cigarettes, together with book "Are you Asthmatic?" will be sent to every reader who encloses 2d. stamp. Write and mention this paper, or

Sign this Form to-day

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Name.....

Address.....

JOHN BULL.

READING'S GIGANTIC FOOTBALL SKILL COMPETITION

TO AID THE

Royal Berks Hospital

Committee—Major R. WREY, Royal Berkshire Hospital; C. GARDNER, Esq., Wood side, Whiteknights Road, Reading; Councillor JAS. E. BEASLEY, Reading.

Which Teams will top the League Tables on January 5th, 1924?

MAMMOTH PRIZES BASED ON THE TOTALISATOR SYSTEM AND INCREASING DAY BY DAY, OFFERED FOR THE BEST FORECAST.

£3,000

PRIZE MONEY TO DATE.

After deducting guaranteed prize money and expenses
25% will be added proportionately to 1st, 2nd and 3rd Prizes.
25% will be added to Consolation Prizes.
25% to the Royal Berkshire Hospital.
25% for promotion and organisation.

TICKETS, with particulars (2/6 each), from Councillor JAS. E. BEASLEY, Hon. Sec., 40, Market Place, Reading.
Cross Postal Orders Barclays Bank, Reading.
POST EARLY. AGENTS WANTED

4-cyl. Water Cooled, 3-Speeds & Reverse, Spiral Bevel Rear Axle, Dynamo Lighting and Starting, Cord Tyres, Spare Wheel, Tool-Kit, Pump-Jack, all ready for the road.

FROM

£175

MARSEAL MOTORS LIMITED COVENTRY.

50 Miles per Gallon. 2,000 Miles per Gal. Oil. 10,000 Miles per Set of Tyres. £10 Tax.

OLYMPIA No. 9

No. 1.—The **Demon King** is the greatest two shillings worth ever offered in Oil Lamps. 2/-

Examine closely these two models and compare their workmanship and weight of materials used—the result will be you will always order Lamps from the "P. & H." Range. Stocked by all leading Cycle Dealers.

No. 2 The **Panther** is acknowledged to be the finest value in Acetylene Cycle Lamps. 5/6

Powell & Hanmer Ltd. "THE HOUSE FOR VALUE" ASTON MANOR, BIRMINGHAM

"PERFECTA" REAR SCREENS.

Equip your car with a "Perfecta," and possess the most efficient screen extant. A "Perfecta" means absolute comfort for your rear-seat occupants, perfect rigidity and simple adjustability.

PERFECTA Type 'A' Screen.

Fitted without disturbing upholstery or damaging coachwork. Suitable for Morris Cowley, Ford, Singer 10, Wolseley 10, Overland 4, etc., etc.

Brass Finish - £7 15 0
Nickel or Oxidised £8 5 0

There is also a "Perfecta" model for Austin 7, Rover, Humber 8, Swift and similar Light Cars.

Write now for Booklet "A," and state make of car.

Perfecta Motor Equipments Ltd., Dartmouth St., Birmingham.
Perfecta Screen Co., 28, Buckingham Gate, S.W.1.

For any type of Front Screen, Brass, Nickel, or Oxidised finish, 12 in. by 8 in. and 13 in. by 10 in., £3 17s. 6d. per pair; 18 in. by 10 in., £4 4s. per pair. Special sizes to order.

Play Billiards in your own home.

14/- DOWN

A Postal Order for 14/- will bring carriage paid to any address within 1 mile of a railway station in the United Kingdom, the 6 ft. 4 in. size "HOME" BILLIARD TABLE (Cash Price, £11 15s.) to fit on ordinary dining tables. The balance you pay monthly. There are various sizes to fit all dining tables—see price list.

Seven Days' Free Trial Given.

Write for Free Price List.

RILEY'S "COMBINE" BILLIARD and DINING TABLES, from £22 10s., or in 12 or 20 monthly payments. Riley's are the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain. Write for particulars. Estimates given free for all repairs and accessories.

Riley's Imperial Full Size Billiard Table

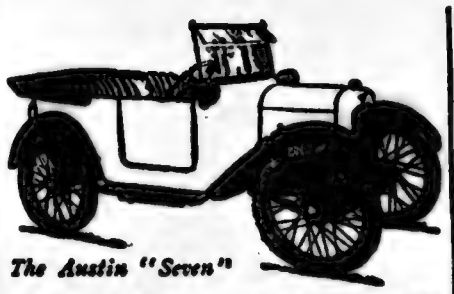
E. J. RILEY, LTD., DUKE WORKS, ACCRINGTON.

London Showrooms (Dept. 9), 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.

You can motor cheaply to-day—

Motoring for

by



The Austin "Seven"

IF Britain does not soon emulate U.S.A. and have a motor car for nearly every family, it will not be the fault of the manufacturers. Motoring used to be the hobby of the rich; to-day every well-paid clerk or mechanic can enjoy all the pleasures of the open road, at a price which will compare favourably with his expenditure on any hobby which he may previously have followed.

The change is due to the amazing development of the small car, with its high efficiency engine, run on a petrol consumption quite unthinkable only a decade ago. Progress has been steady and sure, but we are all apt to forget the many costly experiments which have led us on to success.

The desire to go one better, to beat our own best, is a constant factor in the trade, and out of that spirit has been created, amongst others, the "Austin Seven." The Austin factory has always turned out good stuff. There is a brain behind the business, quick to see the tendencies; and an organisation sufficiently adaptable to get in front of them.

The little Seven is a real car, no hybrid cycle-cum-car. The best normal practice of the larger types has been adopted. Water-cooling, four cylinders, a mag., and a little in front of general practice, four-wheel braking. On the Paris exhibit they have added a patent pull starter, which has one supreme advantage, it will always be in working order.

A halfpenny-worth of petrol will run it a mile, and no extra charge for wife and kiddie. Small tax, easy insurance, a good sized tool shed will accommodate it when not in use, and I venture to say that more pleasure can be obtained from a weekly expenditure of 10s. all in, on a little Austin, than can be derived from the same expenditure on any other pastime. The man with the big car may scoff at it, call it a toy, but he will be well advised not to challenge it to a sprint or a hill test. Porlock is about as nasty a little bit as the average motorist cares to tackle, and the Austin-Seven lost no points on Porlock.

Paris.

It is sometimes claimed that Paris produces the novelties in cars as in dresses. Undoubtedly the French engineers have a taste for experiments. They are already showing a "gearless" car, but for the practical stuff, the only advantage they have is by holding their show in October while ours is held in November.

The new models there are mostly of the small car type, even less than 7 h.p.—all tending to prove that all classes of people are in motoring. As a matter of fact, they always were, but in their desire to do it cheaply they were compelled to

Humber

A Striking Exhibit at Olympia

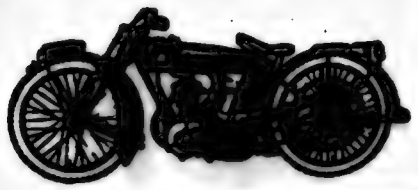
Motor cyclists should make a point of visiting Stand 58, where they will find a most interesting exhibit in the shape of Models of the Humber 2¾ h.p. Lightweight—the "Six Days" Model. They will be able to inspect one externally, or mount others to test the riding position and the manipulation of controls, while there will be a special feature in the shape of a model in section. By merely turning a handle the precise working of this successful machine will be clearly seen.

The Humber Cycle Exhibit is worth more than ordinary attention. There will be staged fourteen models, representing a mount for every class of rider. Many refinements have been effected and, where practicable, prices have been reduced. Attention is drawn to the exceptionally fine new Road Racer Model.

Full particulars at STAND 58.

Humber Limited, Coventry

LONDON:
City Showrooms:
32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1
Export Branch Office:
Humber House, 94, New Bond St., W.1.



the Million

MOTOMAC

Our correspondent points the way

make shift with the combination. Except for special circumstances, I am afraid the day of the combination is past. The 7 or 8 h.p. car is much more comfortable, easier to drive, and as economical to run.

Cycles.

The motor cycle will, of course, still have its vogue, especially for young men. For sport and business use they are bound, in due time, to take the place of the ordinary push bike. That, I think, is a logical deduction to make from the fact that the Humber Company, who made bikes before motor-cars were invented (and have made them ever since), are showing this season no fewer than fourteen standard models, all evolved to meet some special need.

Adulterated Petrol.

With all the world awheel, we should be able to catch the rogue, and I am glad that a particularly mean type of sneak-thief has been laid by the heels by the action of the Shell Mexican Company. The garage man who sells paraffin for petrol has touched bottom in commercial morality. As motorists we are not blameless. We have been too ready to accept anything in a red or green tin as Shell or Pratts.

Insist on standard brands. The people who have created a good will by providing a fixed standard have earned their title to support. I have no particular preference or prejudice. In these days of Empire development the Government has at least an indirect advantage by the sale of B.P., and they guarantee a fixed standard. If your 'bus pulls better on benzol, get the standard mixture in that, for if we leave the mixing to the blending propensity of the wayside garage owner, we know not what we do.

The motorist by circumstance buys much of his spirit from strangers. The only safeguard is the "Brand." So long as we have an adequate choice, competition amongst suppliers and discrimination by consumers will ensure a satisfactory service.

More Economy.

Now petrol is more plentiful than ever. New oil fields have been developed and old ones made more productive. The surplus accumulates and the supplier talk of restrictive measures. But such things are foreign to the motor trade. "Sell cheaper and sell more" is the great principle on which the industry has flourished, and we commend it to the supplier of the fuel

In our early motoring days we had shilling petrol; there is no reason why we should not see it again, and that right early, for further reductions are foreshadowed now.

Cheap cars and cheap petrol together can make a boom in motoring for pleasure. The same conditions can lower the cost of transport, and cheap transport is one of the essentials to an industrial revival. The development of the motor may be the beginning of a new era. When Governments see the possibility we may even have reduced taxation. When!

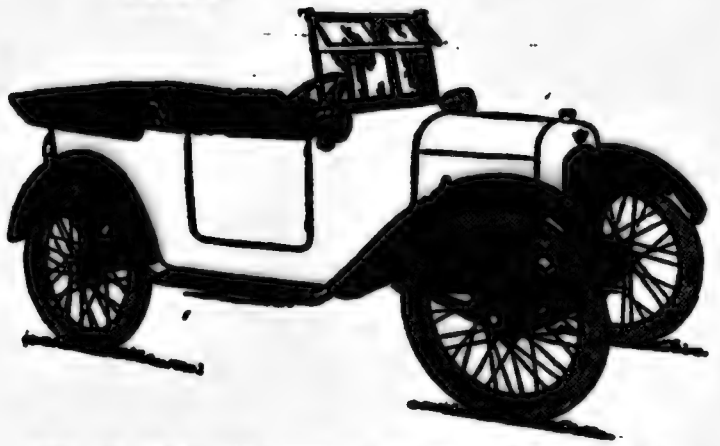
***

For fuller particulars about cars mentioned here send coupon on page 4.

Car or Combination?

The **Austin** *Seven*

gives car comfort and protection at the price of a combination. Running cost is 1d. per mile.



Seats two adults with children, has electric lighting and horn and complete all-weather equipment, spare wheel and tyre. The 4-cylinder engine is water-cooled, three speeds are provided and brakes on all wheels. Chassis lubrication is by grease gun.

See the car on Stand 138, Olympia, November 2-10. Write for booklet 306F.

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO., LTD., Longbridge, BIRMINGHAM.

LONDON: 479-483, Oxford Street, W.1 (*nr. Marble Arch*).

PROOF

The triumphs of Shell in the French Grand Prix, the Boulogne Grand Prix, the Aerial Derby, the King's Cup, the historic Atlantic and Australian flights, are one form of proof of superiority. Another is

the evidence of

Prominent Motor Journalists

who have witnessed the testing of Shell:

Mr. H. MASSAC BUIST in *The Observer.*
"A higher 'useful compression' than any other of the well-known brands."

Capt. E. DE NORMANVILLE in *The Motor Owner.*
"The superiority of Shell .... so convincingly demonstrated."

Mr. J. OWEN in *The Referee.*
"In every case Shell Motor Spirit went further than the others."

Mr. ARTHUR J. SALMON in *The Daily Graphic.*
"Shell came out on top to a remarkable extent."

SHELL

DEVELOPS THE *UTMOST* HORSE-POWER

SHELL-MEX LTD., SHELL CORNER, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

USE MORE LIGHT

Poor lighting is depressing. It breeds discontent. Good lighting—and plenty of it—breeds happiness and cheerfulness. We can't have sunshine at will; but we can switch on "bottled sunshine"—electric light. To make sure of the best "vintage," however, you must insist on

Sold by all leading Electrical Contractors, Stores and Ironmongers

Osram G.E.C.

Gasfilled Electric Lamps

Advt. of The General Electric Co., Ltd., "Magnet House," Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

John Bull's Letter Bag

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding at your call through the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals with Legal and Financial inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

R. K. G. (Stafford).—"My grandfather knew Charles Dickens well." And ours knew Sam Weller.

H. L. (Norwood).—"To lick postage stamps with the tongue is, of necessity, to run a grave risk." Still, we must stick it.

P. K. (Louth).—"After all, what is the difference between one Doctor and another?" It's largely a matter of degrees.

H. M. (Putney).—"What has the cigarette-smoking flapper to look forward to?" Marriage, if she doesn't look too forward.

D. B. (Edinburgh).—"Man was made from clay." Which probably explains why so many of them turn out to be bricks.

P. S. (Liverpool).—"As a telephone operator I can see no prospects of advancement." And quite a lot of telephone users can't get on, either.

F. C. D. (Paris).—"Influence in the right quarter has enabled many a criminal to escape, or at least lessen the punishment meted out to him." True.

F. A. N. (Sevenoaks).—"I am glad to note that you have drawn attention to the scandal of paper boots." Yes sir! There is nothing like leather.

S. P. (Andover).—"I am personally acquainted with quite a number of prominent barristers." Then you're often among the big wigs.

G. F. (Byfleet).—"Why not publish a supplement occasionally dealing with wireless?" You mean, we take it, a sort of listening-inset?

G. H. (Wistock).—"If the eye of the needle was large enough the Camel could pass through all right." Thread its way through, so to speak.

R. W. L. (Sandown).—"The tide of prosperity is slowly, but none the less surely, returning." Good! Hope it'll take most of us off the rocks.

C. M. (Warrington).—"Like the majority of married men, I occasionally have a few words with the wife." Then you're occasionally on speaking terms.

SAM (Wisbech).—"Why is it that Civil Servants start business so late in the morning?" Possibly so that they won't have so long to wait until it's time to go home.

J. R. (Manchester).—"The moneylender gets caught just as often as does the client. He has to keep his wits about him and watch detail closely." Most moneylenders certainly take an interest.

W. J. K.—"I am a bill poster." So long as you don't post any to us, good!

S. E. (Manchester).—"I like musical people." Sure! There's so often an air about them.

R. K. (Dudley).—"Now that winter's here you will find everything going up." Particularly umbrellas.

W. S. (Faversham).—"Let us have a living wage all round." But ideas differ as to how much constitutes a living wage.

H. I. (Tring).—"And it's a great thing these days to be able to keep your temper." It's a great thing these days to be able to keep *anything*.

PIN-EYE (Yarmouth).—"Watches and clocks suffer from climatic changes just as do human beings." They certainly often get run down.

B. R. (St. Anne's).—"The greengrocer would soon come to his senses if every householder grew his own vegetables." Now you're getting down to earth.

C. S. (Newcastle).—"100,000 German marks for a penny looks like money for nothing to me." On the other hand it looks more like nothing for money to us.

THE RAMBLER (Glasgow).—"When I am downhearted your wit acts as a tonic. Just makes me feel as if I had taken one or two at pre-war strength." And *that's* the right spirit, lad.

L. A. F. (Bishopbriggs).—"Please try not to treat we Scotsmen too unkindly." We make a point of never treating anyone unless there is some little prospect of reciprocation.

G. B. B. (Accrington).—"There is not the money to-day in dentistry there was only a few years ago." Which explains why dentists are invariably looking down in the mouth.

T. S. (Norwich).—"Call me optimistic if you like, but I believe that German marks will yet realise something approaching their pre-war value." Sir! Sheer foolishness is not optimism.

M. U. R. (Loughborough).—"But I have made my own bed, so I suppose I must lie on it." There's no earthly reason why, at your age, you shouldn't get up and re-make it. Have a try!

RUSTICUS (Newark).—"It has long been the custom in country districts for the élite to send regular gifts of rabbits, etc., to the local constable." Whereas the Town bobby more often gets the bird.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

G. R. (Reading).—"I'm a very good judge of what's what." And that's that.

O. J. (Dewsbury).—"I flatter myself I know what I'm talking about." You *do* flatter yourself.

J. K. (Slough).—"Excuse me if this letter reads a bit rough." We've filed it, anyhow.

G. B. (Temple Fortune).—"Modern dramas are half spectacles." Monocles, perhaps!

A. B. R. (Willesden).—"But, after all, what can you expect from a pig?" Pork, mostly.

W B. (Leeds).—"There is no business coming in these days." Then, lad, *get out* after it.

M. G. (Maidstone).—"Dancing is going out." Unless you are dancing at home, in which case it's staying in.

P. B. (Prescot).—"Married women whose husbands are working should be combed out." Or bobbed

W. D. (Kilburn).—"Ever since I came out of the Army I have driven a taxi." Then you're still in the ranks.

F. L. (Southampton).—"A smile and a nod goes a long way with a neighbour's child." Our neighbours, please note.

W. G. K. (Crowborough).—"It is quite a simple matter to ensure the cleanliness of milk." As the Milkman said when he was discovered washing it.

C. F. (Tooting).—"People talk about leading a dog's life, but most dogs have a jolly good time. I wouldn't mind being a dog myself." Don't be an ass.

A. R. (Berkhampstead).—"I have a certain amount of pride and naturally don't want everybody to know that I have nothing to give away." Then you must keep it to yourself.

TOM (Devonport).—"As a matter of fact I'm feeling thoroughly 'run down.' Cheer up! Better than being thoroughly run over, anyhow.

T. R. G. (Tring).—"There's plenty of things that even the so-called goody goody people will wink at." Excuse us! The "gind" interests us not at all.

W. B. (Brixton).—"It won't be so very long now until we see skyscrapers twenty storeys high in the centre of London." Sounds like a serial to us.

D. D. P. (Leamington).—"I don't believe in beating about the bush. I flatter myself I'm John Blunt." Then you're not too sharp.

J. W. K. (Putney).—"Once let a woman make up her mind on any subject and she'll stick to it for years." Particularly when she makes up her mind how old she is.

B. T. (Catford).—"Self-control is the first rule of life." And self-help the second.

S. W. S. (Thornton Heath).—"There seems to be a screw loose somewhere." Pass the spanner!

JENNY (Hatfield).—"There's no disputing the fact that money talks." Says "Good-bye," mostly.

FRANK (Muswell Hill).—"I think a girl in an office is out of place." But if she's *in* an office she's got a place.

S. R. S. (Belfast).—"You can live well on fruit." Certainly some folk have been doing very well lately out of bananas.

TIM (Poplar).—"Why is it that boxers are such hitters with their left?" Probably because they have their rights reserved.

SARAH (Nuneaton).—"My little boy is very musical and can play by ear." Well, we knew that babies played with their toes.

G. Y. (Dublin).—"You may reasonably come to the conclusion that I am a man of straw." Now then! none of your chaff.

S. E. (Edmonton).—"How do they get the wick in the candle?" In precisely the same way as the banana gets inside its skin.

W. F. A. (Fulham).—"50 per cent. of the staff in hotels and clubs are foreigners." Perhaps that's so that they can translate the menu to us.

MRS. K. (Bethnal Green).—"My husband is always in a stew about getting the sack." Tell him not to worry, or he'll be in the soup.

W. A. G. (Birmingham).—"Under present conditions the worker has a good deal to put up with." And, frequently, very little to sit down to.

C. M. F. (Bilston).—"And now they've sent me in a writ although I've paid the money and hold the receipt." Shame! Summons to blame.

T. R. (Liverpool).—"You can criticise the telephone girl as you like, but everyone says "Hello" to her." Excepting when they get annoyed. Then they reverse.

L. L. (Doncaster).—"I am very anxious to make some money in my spare time." Then you're not asking a lot. Most people want to make some money *all* the time.

P. B. (Maida Vale).—"A man looks his best when in evening dress." Now that's the first nice thing we've heard said about waiters for ever so long.

W. J. (Manchester).—"Is it correct to say 'it has left off raining' or 'it has stopped raining'?" Please yourself, but in Manchester it's very seldom truthful, either way.

C. R. (Birmingham).—"Your £2,000 offer is making competition history." That's true. And don't miss the following chapter — there will be turkey prizes offered next week.

R. A. (Heywood).—"Why don't the police take a leaf from JOHN BULL?" Possibly because they like to keep their copies intact and bind each volume for reference.

T. N. G. (Chesterfield).—"The prices charged for seats and even programmes in West End theatres are too dear." And very often the shows are so beastly cheap.

N. D. (Highbury).—"The true Christian would gladly part with his last shillings and leave himself in want, but where is there one such?" We're afraid there's none such.

G. H. (Portobello).—"People with large parcels should not be allowed on public vehicles. One nearly edged me off a tram-step only yesterday." Don't be fussy! He was probably a busy man getting on with something.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

ONLY 7 DAYS MORE!

The Closing Date of John Bull's Offer of a

2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE

is now extended to

WED., OCT. 24

TURN TO COUPON ON PAGE 32 NOW

A CONCESSION.

Owing to the last-minute rush of applications which followed our announcement to close this offer on Oct. 17, we have decided to extend the offer until Wednesday, OCT. 24. All coupons must reach our office at later than this date. **YOUR LAST CHANCE!**

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW

"Come on down—Quaker Oats is ready"

In millions of homes, happy healthy children come down daily to Quaker Oats breakfasts—every one delights in the special Quaker flavour.

And there is nothing better to start the day on. Quaker Oats builds brain, makes muscle, nourishes nerves. It supplies the energy necessary to growing children.

You can see the superiority of Quaker Oats in the rich, large, quick-cooking Quaker flakes. No other food gives so much nourishment for so little money.

Quaker Oats

8½d

PER PACKET

Also in smaller packets 4½d each

Meltis Orchard Fruits

[Regd.]

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BRITISH MADE

BABY CARS

NEW MODELS from £2:19:6 or 1/10 weekly.

THE "JUNO" CASH £5:5:0 or 12 monthly payments of 9/- CARR. PAID

GUARANTEE Our 45 years' reputation

Write for Coloured Brochure No. 1. FREE on request.

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YOU CAN BE

WHIRLED INTO HAPPINESS

By Winning the First Prize of

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UNDER DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE.

Think of it! Five Thousand Pounds for five sixpences: and there are other wonderful prizes. £2,000, £1,000, and heaps more amounting to

£10,000 in Prizes.

Take as many tickets as you can afford, as the happiness of large numbers of Blind people depends upon the success of this Competition, and in doing this for the Blind you may bring yourself wealth beyond your wildest dreams.

Tickets may be obtained from any branch of the National Institute for the Blind, from the Army and Navy Stores, the Haymarket Stores, Harrod's Stores, Keith Prince and Co., The Civil Service Supply Association, etc., or from 34, Church Street, Blackpool; 20, Fredsham Street, Chester; 12, Oxford Street, Manchester; or by posting the coupon below to the Hon. Treasurers, Blind Ballot, Palace Chambers, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

Please send me..... 2/6 Ticket(s).

I enclose { P.O. / Cheque } value.....and stamped addressed envelope.

Name .....

Address .....

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(Please write distinctly and in ink). J.B.3.

Extra Eggs

Fowls *do* pay—even in Winter—if given "Colman's." It costs only 7d. per hen for the season—soon repaid many times over by extra eggs.

Colman's Poultry Mustard

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5/- BUY ONE NOW.

monthly are our easy terms for this smart

WINTER COAT

the most beautiful coat you could wish for, charming in design, made of splendid quality ALL WOOL Blanket Cloth that will keep you warm and snug on the coldest of winter days and the huge extra broad Astrakhan collar and cuffs create an attractive appearance that will be the envy of your friends. This model, our No. 2, is a wonderful coat of extreme beauty and extraordinary value, tailor made and tailor finished. Made in Navy, Nigger, Peacock, Mole and Grey, with Astrakhan collar and cuffs in contrasting colours, finished in best style with good size patch pockets and belt. Price only 63/-, easy terms, 5/- now and 5/- monthly after delivery. Send 5/- now, state colour preferred and this beautiful coat is yours for 5/- deposit. Full satisfaction or deposit refunded. Send 5/- now. FREE LIST FREE.

Grand choice of Colours: NAVY, NIGGER, PEACOCK, MOLE or GREY, 46, 48, or 50 in. length. A new 5/- pin that WILL PLEASE YOU. Fine quality, large Astrakhan collar made to wear up or down.

42/- Easy Terms. FREE LIST POST FREE

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83, Hope Sores, RYE.

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Realise the highest point of All-British excellence, and in the finest cycle value in the world.

Railtoyard carriage paid to approved orders for 10/- with order. Balance in 10 monthly payments of 10/- If you are entirely satisfied, money back if disappointed.

Specification: Renold Chain, Climcher A-Won Tyres, Hampton's Rims, Dunlop Tapered Spokes, Brooks Saddle, B.S.A. Free Wheel, Reynolds Steel Tubing throughout, Saddle &c. £7:10:0 All-black enamel 5/- doctored, same price

10/- NOW

Write for Catalogue Post Free

Send to-day for the Graves Cycle Catalogue. Three-speed models, &c., on Easy Terms.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

Madam—Why not try on your new Corset at Home?

My famous Ambron Corset is sent for Deposit of 1/-

WHAT better plan than to actually try on your corset before you buy, and what better place than in the quiet of your own home? Then you are absolutely certain that your corset is the identical one your figure requires. And you buy from the maker direct, thus saving all the profits which dealer and retailer must charge. Let me send you my famous Ambron Gold Medal Health Corset on these generous terms, for I am positive that you will be delighted with its artistic style, its rare beauty of design, its incomparable comfort and its wonderful durability.

The Ambron Corset is now only 9/11 instead of 14/11. I have cut 5/- off the original price and am willing that you should try it on at home on approval.

Just 1/- Deposit and it reaches you by return of post. Then if satisfied, send me balance of price in one sum of 7/11 or 1/- weekly. Forward coupon TO-DAY and get a Corset which will do credit to your figure and appearance.

The new Ambron Model "A" is cut from the famous Ambron Super Corset Cloth, a fabric of wonderful strength and durability, with bust two inches above waist line as pressing purpose. It is shaped with duplex rustless supports, cloth edged and specially reinforced at ends, and fitted with wedge-shaped busk and four adjustable woven back suspenders, detachable. Pretty trimming completes this exquisitely dainty Corset, which is easily washable without removable of bust, trimmings or supports.

HOME TRIAL COUPON

By which you get a 14/11 Corset for 9/11.

Simply write full name and address on a piece of paper, to which pin this Coupon.

Please send me a 14/11 Ambron Model "A" Corset at the reduced price of 9/11 on approval. My measurements are:—

Size of Waist..... Bust.....Hips....

I enclose 1/- deposit, with 6d. part postage, and if I do not immediately return Corset, I will either complete purchase in one sum of 7/11, or by weekly instalments of 1/- each. Please cross P.O. thus //.

Sizes range from 20 to 36 inches. Over 30 inch 2/6 extra

John Bull 20/10/23. No. 488.

X

Post your Order at once to AMBROSE WILKINS, Ltd., 433, Alien House, 70, Vauxhall Bridge Road, LONDON, S.W. 1.

The Largest Mail Order Corset House in the World.

'TONSILS' 'ADENOIDS'

and all

CATARRHAL TROUBLES in Children and Adults

should be treated by

The KYNASTON Method

"95 per cent. of the operations for the removal of TONSILS and ADENOIDS are totally unnecessary."

THIS definite statement is made by Dr. Kynaston, one of the best known West End Throat, Nose and Ear Specialists, who, after years of study and practical application, has perfected a medical treatment which does away with those operations and is a certain remedy for CATARRH.

The treatment is so simple that it can be carried out with absolute confidence in your own home.

Write, enclosing 1½d. in stamps, or call for particulars

Director, DR. KYNASTON'S INSTITUTE,

Stafford House, SOUTHAMPTON ROW (Kingsway End), LONDON W.C. 1. 'Phone: Museum 751.

BE LUCKY!

THAT the Ju-Ju Nigerian Mascot does bring luck is vouched for by the thousands who attribute their wonderful change in fortune entirely to its mysterious powers. Read these extracts from recent testimonials:—

I have tried for ten years for prizes and I won a substantial prize last week. R.

I have had phenomenal luck in my investments in the Share Market. J.H.T., N/c.

My luck changed the same day we got it. E.W., Fulham.

Everything I have touched prospered. G.C., Glasgow.

Everything we do seems to prosper now. E.S., Totnes.

Since receiving Mascot my luck has been phenomenal. E.W., London.

Place your trust in the Ju-Ju Nigerian Mascot and success will follow as sure as day the night for you this lucky Mascot and be armed against misfortune. Quaint, curious, but absolute, mot-bringing!

Sterling Silver, post free, 8s. Oxt. Gold, £1.

"A Ju Ju never to-day; your luck's in straightaway!"

JU-JU SOCIETY,

Imperial Bdgs., Westgate Rd., Newcastle-on-Tyne

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STYLISH OVERCOATS

reach the highest point of tailoring excellence, and are the most attractive overcoat value obtainable. We guarantee quality, fit, & finish of every garment.

From 7/6 with order

Graves System ensures satisfaction, and you can order by post with confidence. Our simple Self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, and we guarantee to supply you with a smart, reliable, well-fitting garment

WE DELIVER overcoats, carriage paid to approved orders on receipt of small payment with order. Balance in monthly payments if satisfied with the coat after you have examined and tried it on in your own home. Money back if disappointed.

Wherever you live our keen prices and easy terms are for YOU.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. Sheffield

PATTERNS POST FREE

Send a post card for a full range of patterns. We guarantee Style, Quality, Finish & Value. Prices from 66/- upwards. In your own interest write to-day.

BRITISH MADE.

JUNO CYCLES

from £4 CASH · 15 OR 10/- DOWN

Balance in 11 monthly payments of 10/-

CARRIAGE PAID.

GUARANTEE: Our 45 years' reputation.

FREE Write for Three Colour Art Booklet. Post free.

JUNO Cycle & Motor Co.

Proprietors:

Metropolitan Machinists Co Ltd.

243 Shepherds, London, E.C.2

SAVED

ASK YOUR GROCER.

Jager's Grade

SWEET & MELLOW

DO NOT THROW AWAY THE TIN AS IT IS REFILLED

3d. per lb Cheaper

100,000 Rugs

GIVEN AWAY.

This Phenomenal Offer is made to the readers of "John Bull," 20.10.23 On receipt of Postal Order for we will forward Direct from our Looms to your address, one of our "Prudential" Brussellette 14/6

REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS

Carriage 1/- extra

Suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in thirty Turkey patterns and fashionable self shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room.

CARPETS

7/6 per Yard

These Carpets with FREE RUGS will be sent out as sample Carpets, showing you the identical quality we supply. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Over 400,000 sold during the past 18 months. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of unsolicited Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received. With every Carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome Rug to match. Gigantic Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Rugs, Linoleums, Bedsteads, Bedding, Table Linens, Curtains &c., post free, if mentioning "John Bull," 20/10/23, when writing. (Established over Half a Century.)

F. HODGSON & SONS, (Dept. J.B.), Woodsley Rd., City of Leeds.

Hair Growing Discovery

Many who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. This is composed of genuine bear fat, with the juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients.

The preparation known as Kotalko may be obtained by sending threepence in stamps for trial size, to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy Street, (53 A.W.), London, W.1. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when baldness has existed for years.

ZOX-BALM

SOOTHES QUICKLY

RHEUMATISM. SCIATICA. GOUT.

Zox Balm is better than ordinary liniments—safer, more convenient, non-messy. Brings quick relief in Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gout, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Headache, Sore Throat, Bruises and Sprains. Users say, "Nothing to equal it." Try a tube for your aches. 1/3 and 2/6 of chemists. If difficulty in obtaining sent post free for 1/3 by

THE ZOX CO.,

11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C. 1

It's in your own hands

to have the best possible cigarette at the price of a gasper.

ROLL YOUR OWN THE "A.G." WAY

You'll get a more enjoyable smoke and save money on every cigarette—but always roll with

AG CIGARETTE PAPERS

The BEST the world produces.

PHILLIPS RUBBERS

"Absolutely O.K."

THE SIXPENNY ARMY

Enlist To-day in Our Great Relief Force!

THE army which we are endeavouring to enlist under the banner of "The Greatest of These——" to repel the invasion of want and hunger threatening to overwhelm so many helpless souls this winter, is growing apace.

Our appeal for sixpences has already brought many into the ranks. We started off two weeks ago with a magnificent gift of a whole battalion of eight hundred as a nucleus of our great relief force. Since then we have been enlisting sixpenny soldiers singly and in platoons and companies.

Two generous subscribers have provided us with another battalion between them. We have to thank "Chloe"—the only name by which a kind-hearted woman is known to us—for four hundred sixpences, and Mr. A. H. Sinton, a supporter from Ulster, has furnished a similar number.

Gratifying as it is to receive such splendid additions to our forces, we are anxious, above all, to enlist single soldiers. The fight which we shall have to wage will be long and costly, and it is only by a continuous stream of recruits that we can hope to accomplish the rout of despair. Just as the strength of the fighting line is reckoned in bayonets, so we calculate our force in sixpences, and every sixpence counts.

One writes: "With pleasure I send sixpence for the 'Greatest of These——.' I will send a sixpence whenever I can, but my husband only gets £1 10s. a week, and after all is paid there isn't much left."

If a poor woman who has to struggle to keep house on such a pathetically tiny income can afford a sixpence, there must be few indeed among our readers who have any excuse for not enlisting in our army of relief.

We have a net sale of well over eight hundred thousand. With thoughts of the terrible distress which is daily brought to our notice pursuing us, we lie awake at night thinking wide-eyed, of all the wonderful good we could do if every reader sent us a sixpence. An army of eight hundred thousand! Twenty thousand pounds! Why should it remain a thought?

Send us your sixpence and enlist to-day!

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.) Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These——" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"Depressed," 7d.; "Sunderland," 6d.; "One Ninth of Winnings," 2s. 8d.; "Soldier's Mother," 2s. 3d.; J. T., 1s.; "A Competitor," 6d.; "Unlucky Cinders," 1s.; D. L. P. (Bromley), parcel; Vulcanite, 9d.; H. N. S., 6d.; "Punter," 5s. 9d.; L. H., 1s.; M. P. Wright, 11s. 6d.; J. M., 3s 6d.; J. H., 1s.; "Old Bill the Bull Wolloper," 8d.; W. J. Page, 3s. 6d.; "To Get At the 9 Portion," 2s.; B. R. S., 1s; "Coppul," 3d.; "South Wales Miner," 1s.; J. C. M. (Edinburgh), 5s. 6d.; "Mebowes," 1s. 1½d.; "Mystic Believer," 7d.; "Superstitious," 1s. 4d.; J. E. F., 1s.; R. F. F., 6d.; "Stanley's Ninth," 1s. 1d.; X.Y.Z., 9d.; M. R. H., 6s. 9d.; E. L. G. (Bristol), 9d.; "Elsie's Ninth," 6d.; "Noin Taz," 1s. 2½d.; A. H. W., 6d.; F. A. H. (Charlton), 1s.; "Ninth" (Ferryden), 1s. 6d.; "Lucky Seven," 3d.; Signor Newne, 4s. 6d.; "Blaina," 1s. 2d.; "My Ninth," 7½d.; C. A. R. (Liverpool), 2s.; "Second Ninth" (Sirod), 3s. 4d.; "Hope," 1s.; "Poor Woman's Ninth," 1s. 7d.; "The Rat," 11d.; "First Ninth," 5d.; P. T., 1s.; J. S., 5d.; E. L. G., 6d.; T. H. (Belfast), 1s.; "Toynton," 2s.; J. F. G., 1s. 6d.; "S. C. Ninth," 3d.; Betty, Jean, 6d.; "Delighted," 5s.; W. E. L., 2s.; "Sittingbourne," 1s.; "Domestic Servant," 1s. 9d.; Mrs. F. E. Kirk, 9s. 4d.; "Liverpool," 6d.; Sergeant Murphy, 1s; "Hopeful," 10d.; R. Fielding, 5s.; "Working Woman," 1s. 6d.; "Levis," 5d.; "Warsash," 1s. 1d.; "Unlucky," 4d.; "Dean Forest," 7d.; "Yarmouth," 6½d.; D. D. R., 4s.; Toulouse," 4s.; "Steam Bakery," 9d.; "Wee Jim," 1s.; X.Y.Z., 3d.; "Heliotrope," 1s. 5d.; G. F. Mann, 1s. 3d.; R. Rodgers, 2s. 6d.; "Another Ninth" (Ashton), 1s; "Fourth Ninth, A. K.," 10s.; F. H. D., 2s.; "Bulleteer's Ninth," 8½d.; "South Shore," 1s.; W. P. Walker, 6d.; Anon (Altrincham), 6d.; "Energetic" (Leek), 2s.; E. & P. W., 2s. 3d.; "Lander," 9d.; "My Ninth, A. F.," 1s. 6d.; "Widdrington," 9d.; "Good Luck," 9d.; "Widow," 3d.; "Roman Catholic" (Ealing), £5; "Smethwick," 7½d.; "Hope," 1s. 6d.; "In Memory," 1s.; H. E. S. (Sarum), 11s.; G. M. B., 2s. 6d.; "Tishy" (Edinburgh), 2s. 6½d.; "Old Caerphilly," 4½d.; "Lillias," 2s. 6d.; "Ninth 1st Winner," 9d.; Widow's Ninth," 1s. 2d.; Ham and Bud, 4½d.; "Hereford," 10d.; "Little Mother's Ninth," 1s.; "Poor Ninth," 4½d.; E. D. (Southsea), 8½d.; A. D. A., 3s; "Bulford Camp," 1s. 6d.; "Leith," 1s. 4d.; "Poor and Delicate Woman," 6d.; "Pentwithick," 1s. 6d.; F. J. Dannes, Carriers, 6d.; R. L. J., 1s. 7½d.; "Nut's First Ninth" (Weymouth), 2s. 6d.; G. F., 2s. 10½d.; "Target Winner," 1s.; "Rose Bouquet," 6d.; "Sympathiser" (Crewe), 3s. 6d.; "My 9th," 5d.; "Driffield," 2½d.; "Struggler," 1s.; "Conscience" (Chesterfield), 7s. 6d.; E. N., 1s. 6d.; "Trial Ninth," 1s. 3d.; "War Widow," 1s.; "Hopeful Ninth" (Grimsby), 1s. 4d.; "Avenue," 7½d.; S. O. S., 1s.; W. R. G., 3½d.; "Chockits," 1s 6d.; "Nearly So," 7½d.; "Superstitious" (Lester), 2s.; A. R. (Leeds), 1s.; H. E. (Coventry), 1s.; "Douglas Man," 1s. 6d.; "Manchester," 3s. 6d.; "Sergeant Murphy," 1s. 4d.; "Staines," 1s.; "Pan's" Ninth, 4s. 9½d.; "Laura," 9d.; "Competitor's Ninth," 1s. 2d.; "Desperandum," 5d.; "Ninth of a Find," 1s. 1½d. Reader), 6s. 6d.; K. W. D. (Gloucester), 2s.; "A Humble Ninth," 6d.; "Swinton," 10s.; "War Widow," 1s.; "Stingy," 4s.; "Working Chap," 10d.; "Unemployed," 4d.; "Swindon, 9d.; Mrs. K. Blanche, 1s.; "More Again," 6d.

Many replies unavoidably held over.

Prize-winner of £1:

(Continued from page 2 of cover.)

Lincs.; F. Hubbard, 94, King Edward Rd., Coventry; Mrs. C. Jackson, 43, Haverhill Rd., Balham, S.W.; Miss F. James, 137, Malefont St., Cardiff; J. Kay, 1, Meadow Rd. Motherwell; O. Keen, 56, Crocketts Rd., Handsworth, Birmingham; B. King, 1, North View, Kingston Rd., Ewell, Surrey; T. J. Lane, 85, Normandy Av., High Barnet; Miss G. M. Lascelles, c.o. 5, Parry St., Barrow-in-Furness; A. B. Lawrence, 56, Greenleaf Rd., Walthamstow; Miss A. Layer, New Inn, Bishop's Hull, Taunton; W. Lee, Junr., 293, Whit Lane, Pendleton, Manchester; A. Lester, Yoxall, Burton-on-Trent; S. V. Lindsay, 4, Slieve Donard Ballygomartin Rd., Belfast; H. Lorden, 53, Upton Lane, Sittingbourne; G. Manns, 59, Scholars Rd., Balham, S.W.; Mrs. E. May, Shirley, Barton Rd., Branksome, Bournemouth; A. B. Mayes, 43, Brechin Rd., Arbroath, N.B.; J. Menzies, 1, Canning St., Dundee; W. Mills, Inwardleigh, Okehampton, H. Monk, 31, Silverdale, Dinnington, near Rotherham, Yorks; A. P. Morgan, 11, Main Av., New Edlington, Doncaster; Miss L. Morgan "Woodlands," Manor Court Rd., Nuneaton; H. G. Mounter, 5, Quantock Rd., Weston-super-Mare; H. Muggleworth, "Dundanon," Blackrock, Co. Cork; S. Newton, Cambridge Terr., 82, Fitzroy St., Ashton-under-Lyne; W. A. Nichols, 22, Hobart Rd., Cambridge; A. W. Nobbs, London House, Brampton, Hunts; A. C. Oddy, 92, Toller Lane, Bradford; E. C. Outhet, 11, Howard Street, Scarborough; E. Partridge, 1, Leon Pl., Godwin St., Ashted, Birmingham; A. J. Perrett, Old Mill Farm, Cwmavon, near Varteg, Mon.; G. Potter, 10, Chandos Rd., Tottenham, N.; G. R. Purvis, 14, Cross Rd., near Hospital, Llanelly; D. Queenan, 2, Cross Street, Newport, I.O.W.; J. W. Reid, 113, Broomhill Drive, Glasgow; Mrs. E. Reynolds, 163, Cheltenham Rd., Bristol; E. Riches, High St., Cobbenham, Ipswich; T. J. Rigby, 64, Tulketh St., Southport; L. Roberts, 5, Hulley St., Macclesfield; H. E. Ross, 39, Toryglen St., Oatlands, Glasgow; D. Russell, 52, Midhope Bldgs., Cromer St., W.C.; C. C. Shaw, 1, Pembroke Rd., Pudsey, near Leeds; W. H. Singleterry, 110, Wellington Rd., Bridgwater; Miss M. Smith, 17, Angleses Terr., Chapel, Southampton; W. H. Smith, 70, Manor St., Clapham, S.W.; D. E. Sponse, 57, Albert Rd., Colne, Lancs.; G. T. Thobarn, 23, Eleanor St., South Shields; L. C. Thompson, 10, Strode Rd., Wellingborough, Northants; H. F. Tomblin, H.M., W/T Station, Stockton-on-Tees; T. Tucker, Ford, Rose Ash, South Molton, Devon; R. Veary, 28, George St., High Wycombe; B. Wallis, 384, Christchurch Road, Boscombe; H. Watson, Drill Hall, Stamford Brook Av., W.; Miss R. Warne, 60, Melbourne Rd., Seaside, Eastbourne; F. E. Wren, 61, Blenheim Cres., W.; L. A. Wright, 31, Fisher St., Willenhall.

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 407 can now be seen in the window of Miss A. Wesley, 9, Acton Street, Northampton.

List of Five-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 408 will be published in next week's Competition No. 409 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all such and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "JOHN BULL."

Bullets No. 500! RECORD OFFER! £2,000 FIRST PRIZE

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"
NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any Two, Three or Four words having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, **EACH** of which can **begin with any letter in the alphabet.** These specimens will guide you: *Example*:—HOLIDAY PROBLEM *Bullet*:—WEARING EVERYTHING SHE'S TAKEN. *Example*:—ON THE MOVE *Bullet*:—"SUBMERGED WRECK" BECOMES MENACE. *Example*:—FIRST THING *Bullet*:—AFTER ENGLISHMEN'S SACRIFICE—CIGARETTE. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Result of Competition No. 498 will be found on page 2 of cover

2nd. £500 Prize

3rd. £200 Prize

4th. £100 Prize

5th Prize £90	6th Prize £80	7th Prize £70
8th Prize £60	9th Prize £50	10th Prize £25
5 PRIZES OF £10	10 PRIZES OF £5	100 PRIZES OF £1
200 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	5,000 TARGET PRIZES

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 500, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 500.

WHERE ENGLAND STANDS
WITH PLEASURE
HOW IT HAPPENED
WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS
AT PRESENT
BEFORE THE DAWN
THE PRINCE
AT THE DANCE
IN LOVE
ONCE
EAST AND WEST
KEEPING HOUSE
IN THE MELTING-POT
PLAYING
DANGEROUS DRIVING
WHAT GRANDPA SAYS
NICE IDEA
NOT IN SIGHT
A STRANGER
UNCOMFORTABLE
TO LET
ALWAYS WITH US
CHARLIE CHAPLIN
IN THE WRONG
FIGHTING MEN
CHANGING
WHEN NOBODY'S LOOKING
A BOOMERANG
MY TROUBLE
UNDER A CLOUD
WHEN YOUNG
MARRIED
OUTSIDE THE RING
LITTLE HEAVEN
WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN
PRETTY MAID
BETTER OR WORSE
IN THE FURNACE
NO BABY
OUR CHOICE

Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 25.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(500) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 25.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(500) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 25.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(500) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 25.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(500) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

The Last Minute Goal

He managed to get his head to it, and score the winning goal just on time. How did he last out a strenuous game so well? Just because he looks after himself properly and drinks Vi-Cocoa for breakfast and supper. There's nothing better than Vi-Cocoa for bracing up the muscles, giving a steady eye and ensuring all-round fitness in mind and body.

PLANTERS PRODUCTS LIMITED, DELECTALAND, WATFORD, HERTS.

Vic. 6-24

Wasting Away!

Cheshire Lady—weak, helpless and wasted—suffering loss of appetite, sleeplessness and nerve breakdown—makes a signed statement as to how she secured perfect health with the aid of Dr. CASSELL'S TABLETS.

Mrs. Florence Roberts' Statement:

Mrs. Florence Roberts, 36, Birkett Road, West Kirby, in an unsolicited statement, says: "Some time ago I underwent an operation and it left me so weak and helpless that I simply could not do anything. I could not eat, and became terribly thin. At night I never slept, and in the mornings I was helpless. I had no energy and was all 'nerves.' Often I had to keep to bed, and I looked more dead than alive. My husband, however, read about Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and advised me to get some. I did so, and with the second box I could sleep all through the night and I had such an appetite that I could eat all that was set before me. I improved fast, and soon was as well as before the operation."

TAKE TWO AT BEDTIME and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	Headache	Palpitation
Insomnia	Neuralgia	Kidney Weakness
Indigestion	Sleeplessness	Worry
Nerve Pains	Anæmia	Children's Weakness

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Prices 1/3 and 3/-
Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

GREAT INFLUX OF ORDERS FOR SARTOR RAINCOATS

AT **20/-** Carr. Paid in the BRITISH ISLES.

The famous SARTOR Raincoat is deservedly popular. Reasons why are not hard to find. The price is right—the quality is right. But for the widespread demand and the fact that we are the actual Manufacturers selling direct to the Public, your SARTOR would cost you very much more than 20/-.

The SARTOR (famous all over the world) is made from a fully-proofed GABARDINE, with warm, cosy check lining, and tailored throughout by experts. Each garment is treated with individual care, and is not released until it conforms to set and rigid manufacturing standards.

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS.—Just your name and address on a postcard, and we will send a full range of FREE PATTERNS, Style Book (Ladies', Gents', Maids', and Youths'), and an accurate Self-measurement Form.

SEND NO MONEY.

First of all, examine the patterns carefully, and judge the value offered. OUR GUARANTEE STILL HOLDS GOOD. Every SARTOR is guaranteed. If you are not satisfied, send the Coat back, and we refund the money. The demand is big, so WRITE NOW. Orders and inquiries treated in strict rotation.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO. (Dept. J.), 87, Oxford Rd., Manchester

The Heels with the Bulldog Grip!

¶ Non-slipping, Splendid Wear, Smooth Tread . . The Easiest heels to fix: Perfect fitting

"Last the time of three"

Phillips new Spring-Grip Heels
('Military and 'Magna')

MEN'S ... 1/6 pair.
LADIES' ... 1/- ,,

Get this famous British Skin Remedy

Antexema is an extraordinary remedy. It succeeds when ointments and other so-called remedies utterly fail. The cures worked by Antexema are astounding. People whose lives were utter misery owing to cruel eczema, others whose faces were disfigured by rash, eruption, or ugly spots, victims of bad legs tortured day and night by their affliction, have been cured by Antexema, the wonder-worker. To-day not a single sign of skin illness remains.

The most amazing thing about Antexema is the immediate relief it gives. One minute you are tortured beyond endurance, and then you apply Antexema. Instantly the inflamed spot is cooled and soothed, the horrible stinging itching stops, and in a short time your skin is thoroughly well again.

Antexema is not a greasy ointment, but a beautiful, non-poisonous, healing cream. Antexema cures eczema, rashes, pimples, blotches, bad legs, bad hands, scalp troubles, chaps, chilblains, and every other skin illness of infants or adults. Start your cure before your skin illness becomes worse. Delay is dangerous.

Get Antexema to-day

from your chemist, stores, Boots', Lewis and Burrows', Taylors' Drug Co., Parkes' or Timothy White's at 3/- (the economical size) and 1/3, or direct post free 3/- and 1/6, from Castle Laboratory, London, N.W.1. Also in India, Australasia, Canada, Africa and Europe.

☞ *Use Antexema Soap (pine tar) and keep your skin absolutely clear of all blemishes and protect yourself against infection. It is pure, fragrant, refreshing and healthful.* 8d. tablets.

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